WITH LOVE TO
HINDU EDUCATION SOCIETY KASHMIR
FROM :
DR. N.L. ZUTSHI, Mumbai

"CALL JOSHUA"

by Mollie Moncrieff

"CALL JOSHUA"

WITH LOVE TO
HINDU EDUCATION SOCIETY KASHMIR
FROM :
DR. N.L. ZUTSHI, Mumbai

Other books by the same author:-

PRISONERS OF TIME

THE DIARY OF AN OCCULTIST

OCCULTISM FOR EVERYMAN

"CALL JOSHUA"

WITH LOVE TO
HINDU EDUCATION SOCIETY KASHMIR
FROM :
DR. N.L. ZUTSHI, Mumbai

by

Mollie Moncrieff

G.M. College of Education
Raipur, Bantalab
Jammu.
Acc No....3298 (D)
Dated.......6-6-19.

First published in 1974

Printed by R. Kingshott & Co. Ltd., Aldershot, Hants.

TO MARY,
WHO TOOK A LOVING INTEREST

CONTENTS

Chapter Page

Introduction ix

I Joshua 1

II Historical Survey of Reform Movements 6

III The Need for Joshua 12

IV All Change for Aquarius 24

V The Age of Psychism 39

VI Reincarnation, Its Place in the Cosmic Plan 46

VII Whither Britain 54

VIII Glastonbury & King Arthur 65

IX Glastonbury, 2,000 Years on 78

X Arguing About the Inarguable 84

XI God's Frozen People 91

XII Learning from Animals 99

XIII The Other Side of the World 105

XIV The Other Side of Nature 114

XV The Road Back 123

XVI The Akashic Records 138

XVII Into Capricorn—The "Why" 147

XVIII The Last Lap of Pisces 159

Glossary 165

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TO IRIS, JOAN, FLORENCE, AND ALL MY FRIENDS, WITHOUT WHOSE HELPFUL THOUGHTS JOSHUA MIGHT HAVE HAD MORE DIFFICULTY IN WINNING THE BATTLE OF JERICHO

INTRODUCTION

I have for many years wished to write this book. Its title was inspired by a Radio Programme concerning the career of William Wilberforce. By the time he had succeeded in his objective of freeing the slaves, he was a crucified man. The Establishment had worked its will upon him. Very soon after the passing of his Bill through Parliament he died. On his death-bed he sought a quotation from The Bible—he must have been feeling as Moses felt when, old and feeble, he began to cast about for his successor. "And God said to Moses, 'Your days are numbered and you must die. Call Joshua!"

Thereafter in the programme one heard the ringing tones of the new young leader who vigorously took up the cudgels.

What a compelling title, I thought, for a book about Evolution, and the forward movements incorporated therein. *"CALL JOSHUA!"*

All through the ages great souls have incarnated on earth, to teach, by means scarcely known to their conscious minds, but through some great compulsion in their souls, the way of *overcoming,*—teaching based upon life's values, but tempered to the understanding of varying epochs. Modern man, with his increasing intelligence but diminished wisdom, has taken the bit between his teeth, so that there is a monstrous accumulation of evil consequence building up.

Today we see civilisation out of hand, with evil more strongly operative than ever before, while suffering is an inborn part of our lives. Every generation has added its quota of evil and stupidity. The blame is not solely theirs; there is much love and devotion in the world which helps to transmute the evil influence. Were it not so, humanity would long ago have followed the Gaderene Swine down the cliffs of perdition.

A life of poverty and struggle can be bright with opportunity. It is better to face up to life and seem to fail, than to be just a passenger, and never to try at all.

Worldly success is gratifying to the ego, but furnishes little for the soul's advancement, unless it is accompanied by spiritual endeavour. The experiences themselves matter to the extent that we have faced up to them, by producing fresh adverse destiny, or increased spiritual quality, born of courage and determination. In any case, it is useless to cry over spilt milk–the past has made the future for us, and we cannot alter that, only redeem it by fresh endeavour, using love* as the great transmuter.

No two human beings are exactly alike, so we must not lay down rigid rules for ethical conduct; the human soul cannot be poured into a mould. Ethical conduct does not make a man all that he should be. Love must be added, and it usually responds to illumination, for by its light the soul recognises truths and treads paths where brain and mind doubt and cannot follow.

There is a pattern for every human soul, and we must not think we can better that; we can show a light to shine on the path ahead, if only a few yards.

We are not atoms struggling in a remorseless stream, we have resources within us of which we do not dream, potentials we have not exercised.

As we lift ourselves in overcoming, so we lift our environment, and with the environment we lift the planet, allowing Truth to manifest.

We cannot hope to gauge the meaning or purpose of humanity today, by studying man today. We need a wider perspective. What is man? What was man millions of years ago? Science has a grim answer. What was man 300 million years ago? Was there no intelligent life in the universe? That does not ring true. If we cannot even surmise answers to these questions, then we have to rely upon a faith which for many is diminishing, resting upon the Easter Story alone, which tends to stand isolated in world history.

---

* In Its original connotation–Wisdom!

To gain an understanding of the great educated purpose, particularly as it affects the present stage of man's evolution, it is necessary to widen our vision beyond the confines of our physical existence. To narrow our outlook to the limits of one incarnation is to make it impossible to grasp the reality of what we seek.

* * * * * * * *

The theme of this book is Evolution. It aims to recount how the torch is handed on, the torch of Reform, how the path of progress is paved with the bones of pioneers and the blood of martyrs, how when one leader is tired and old, the burden falls upon the shoulders of the next incumbent marked out by destiny to carry it a stage further. It draws attention to the amazing and incredible length of time Evolution takes–by reason of the Lowest Common Denominator, or "Race Mind" which always sets the pace, and the Luciferic Block to spiritual progress that exists. The resistance to karma, the opposition on the part of the Establishment, Sometimes called the Stronghold, which burns its martyrs, crucifies its pioneers, ridicules its exponents of Truth from generation to generation with monotonous regularity according to the degree of barbarity of the societies in which these find themselves incarnated. It it be any consolation, the same applies to the devic evolution–if a bird is "different" in colour, shape or plumage, it is forthwith killed by its contemporaries.

Respecting the forward movement of mankind–what constitutes a "Reformer"? What makes him tick? What was the spirit that prompted Florence Nightingale to sit outdoors in a sleeveless dress in a Crimean winter's night until the intelligence at length penegrated the male minds in charge of operations that she needed supplies?

Or Anne Askew–what got into her when they offered her her life if she would only repeat after them "This is the body and blood of Christ". She replied dispassionately, "It's just a stale crust and a bit of sour wine", and was duly burnt at the stake. All she had to do was to repeat it; they couldn't have stopped her thinking what she liked. But no.....

To cite all the cases in history where martyrs and pioneers have been told to sign this or say that to save their lives, would fill many volumes. What is it that prevents them?

It must be something forceful to arouse such venom in the savage breast of the Luciferic Opposition.

As soon as any spiritual reform is mooted, Lucifer and his henchman Ahriman[1] muscle in on it, seize poor Michael[2] in a stranglehold, and at present, as far as the physical planet is concerned, come far too near victory for comfort.

The first pre-requisite towards remedying this state of affairs is for humanity to know what Evolution wants, and what Lucifer wants. Then they can cast their votes accordingly. While we are working blindly, we are at cross-purposes, and Lucifer gets a lot of votes he would not otherwise get. For all the negative votes, the result of ignorance or indifference, must go to evil; for only the positive can go to good.

Evolution wants clearance and denudation of the planet. Lucifer wants congestion, stagnation, the continued enthronement of the twin reigning gods, Science and Money, and all that they lead us to–chaos, materialism, scientific "progress" cars, mechanisation, pollution, the suppression of the soul-forces, the augmenting of physical comforts and the decadence they induce, waste and the Consumer Society, din, hell and havoc, selfishness, greed, ignorance, apathy—and his ultimate triumph—over-population.

---

[1] See glossary
[2] See glossary

As present, certainly, he is having a ball. But good eventually triumphs over evil. This is the Law. The tapestry is already finished. The transfer is on. But it is we who must put in the stitches. How long it takes to do so is up to us.

Chapter I.

JOSHUA

What manner of man was he, this Joshua, son of Nun?

Arrias, in "Through the Eyes of the Master", recounts that Jesus, prior to the final three years of his ministry, when he laid aside the reincarnating ego altogether, used a reincarnating ego which had in turn been augmented by Zoroaster and Buddha, then used by Joshua, the physical vehicle being purified in the forty-three generations alluded to in the Bible.

Joshua was a soldier, fit for a career within the framework of the Aryan Dispensation; the ensuing incarnation of that spirit, then, brought out a vastly different aspect of the reincarnating ego.

"Full of the spirit of wisdom" the Bible says of Joshua, and "strong and very courageous".

Assuredly he had a charmed life, being preserved in the wilderness of Sinai, where all save two perished, and selected as being a man "in whom is the spirit".

The word "success" is only mentioned twice in the Bible. Both references occur in the Book of Joshua.

Perhaps as a general rule, success is not important on this plane, and we all know that nothing fails like it.

But Joshua's *was* a Success Story. God told him it was going to be. "I will give you great success." Wherever the sole of your foot treads, it is yours". "And you shall stand still in Jordon". "And you shall cause the sun and the moon to stand still."

There would seem to be great success in that; for elsewhere God said, "your strength is in *standing still.*" So Joshua, having slain the Amalekites and Gideonites, Amorites and

Canaanites and sundry other “ites” hip and thigh, did just that. Not to mention his fabled handling of the walls of Jericho. “Only be strong and of good courage,” was God’s continual exhortation to him.

Joshua was an avatar. He was conversant with the Atlantean Science of Sonics. He knew that by sounding a certain note on the trumpet, he would search out the keynote of those walls, and bring them down. This was no “miracle”, but a perfectly ordinary application of a perfectly ordinary faculty whose exercise is the birthright of mankind. It is only later man who has forfeited his lofty faculties by dipping down into materialism and becoming a slave to his baser astrality. By the time Joshua appeared on the scene, most people had already forgotten the Science of Sonics, and did indeed regard his achievement as a “miracle”.

Joshua was a pioneer. His career opened as one of Moses’ scouts, deputed to spy out the land. In this capacity he learnt skilfully to employ strategy, as was later demonstrated in his conquest of Canaan.

It would seem the Jews kept grumbling about their tents, and consequently they were told they were to have no fixed abode. But Joshua won a fixed abode for them, and parcelled it out under divine guidance,–that is, making use of the highest and wisest guiding principle.

No-one could credit Joshua with gentleness. He smote and slew, razed and burnt, hanged five kings, and put his foot on people’s necks. But then, “time” was leading the world to the brink of the nightfall of Kali Yuga[3] ; such methods were all that was understood in those days. The concept of love and clemency had not yet been presented to mankind; or rather, it had not been *re*-presented–that was left to Christ. Moreover, these races had not lost touch with the truth of reincarnation–that was left to the “Christian ’ church!–and therefore in their estimation the form was not of much import. Joshua could only appeal to the highest and wisest guiding principle *then*

---

[3] See glossary

operative, however "savage" it may appear to us, and if his diety instructed him to liquidate recalcitrant souls by destroying their physical vehicles, then he had no option but to do so. To Joshua, there would be nothing "final" or permanent about this; to him it would simply represent a clearance, a temporary removal to Kama Loki[4] of souls who were impeding evolutionary progress. He would assume that God (or Evolution) desired their removal from the scene he was deputed to spy out and subsequently possess, not only to make room for the newcomers scheduled to reside there, but partly also for their own benefit, in that could no longer profit by experience in their existing vehicles.

Joshua, by the standards of his own time, was a good man; the best possible. It is those who perpetrate savagery in the post-"Christian" era who carry the heaviest karma, for they were vouchsafed the opportunity to know better.

Joshua found "giants" in the territories assigned to him for conquest, survivals of pre-Semitic races; he found well-armed enemies with vast numbers of wheeled chariots and turreted fortresses "great and walled up to heaven", to the simple Children of Israel an unaccustomed and menacing feature. They themselves were unversed in the use and manufacture of implements of war, having only at their disposal bows, javelins, swords and knives.

The Iron Age was approaching; the Egyptians obtained their iron from meteors, not from this planet, and the weapons cast therefrom were appropriately named "daggers from heaven" —another frightening deterrent to a nation not yet welded into a community prepared to risk a clash with superior forces. These were the people Joshua had to lead to victory.

Accordingly he knew he must trust to a higher power. He therefore took the line of least resistance, exercised the utmost strategy, favoured ambushes, avoided the most formidable forts like Jerusalem and Gezer. Obviously he found it politic to "let go and let God", a policy which paid off, for we read of his armies being "miraculously" fed by manna from heaven.[5]

---

[4] See glossary

"Operation Jericho" involves a symbolic repetition of the figure seven. This was likewise the mystic number in Atlantis, used by their citizens in recording serial "time". Joshua carried out his divine instructions to the letter--seven priests, seven trumpets, seven times round, victory on the seventh day.

Thereafter he moved on to Timnath-Serah on Mount Ephraim for a well-earned rest, died in old age and is buried near Kefr Ishu'a, the "Village of Joshua". And his people settled down to cultivate the land he had pioneered and won for them.

What was the secret of Joshua's success.The fact that he had a personal relationship with God. Just as they had in the ancient world, just as Christ had. *"I and my Father are one"* was a catergorical statement he could make. And he obtained his instructions straight from the Source. God was continually issuing directions to him, and kept his promise to him–that is to say, his link with the highest principle never snapped, his inner voice was always to be relied upon, he needed no burning bush or any other tangible or visible symbol.

In Atlantis, everyman had this personal relationship with the creator. The Logos of the Solar System, for some reason not yet revealed to us, decided to divide itself up into myriads of fragments, enwrap them in matter and send them out into the universe of manifestation. "But", declared the Logos, *"I remain."*

Each spark of the Godhead was linked to its source, and still is. The link can never be broken, but it can be so entangled in matter as to seem almost inextricable to some people.

The difference between us and Atlantis, and between us and Joshua, is that they knew about it, and later, in the case of the Atlanteans, became conceited about their knowledge, while we do not even know about it.

Our task is to find the thread again and hang on to it like grim death. It is our only hope. It will lead us back to our source, as Theseus was led out of the labyrinth of the Minotaur by his silken thread. Even out of such unbelievable chaos as we have got ourselves into today!

---

[5] See glossary

Chapter II

HISTORICAL SURVEY OF REFORM MOVEMENTS

There is a sort of rythm about reform—every hundred years or thereabouts, some consideration is accorded it, then we tend to go to sleep again. This at any rate applies to our own time.

The Kali Yuga brought the need for reform. But that did not mean that the need was met, or even attended to.

The Romans did not care. They supported a pagan society and held a barbaric outlook. Similarly with the Greeks, though they were artistic enough to cover their indifference with a veneer of culture. From beginning to end of Pisces, there has been strenuous resistance to reform, and prior to Magna Carta, no definige steps were taken at all on behalf of the underdog. The collective mentality was certainly not geared in that direction.

King John, therefore, was probably the first individual in England, at all events, to have pressure brought to bear in respect of selfish and callous behaviour, self-seeking and cold indifference to the general welfare. And for quite a long while, he was the last. For even after Magna Carta, and for many centuries thereafter, the spiritual climate was conservative, all privileges being jealously guarded by an upper crust, and all potential levellers, socialists and communists like Jack Cade and Wat Tyler, ruthlessly suppressed.

It was not until the nineteenth century that people collectively began to think in terms of reform. Then sepped to the fore Robert Owen, championing the factory children, Elizabeth Fry with her prison-visiting, Florence Nightingale, Charles Dickens to expose prevalent atrocities and prove that the pen is mightier than the sword.

There was the Great Reform Bill, when unheard of things were tackled—even Parliamentary reform!

Alarm supervened in some quarters. The gentle Lord Melbourne, Victoria's devoted life-minister, grew melancholy. Confronted with a would-be assassin in Hyde Park, he advised the latter to withold the dolorous stroke: —"But for your own sake! For as far as I am concerned, the sooner I am out of this changing world, the more disappointments I shall avoid." A sentiment echoed by many, not only in 1832!

The next generation inherited the Education Bill. The alarm escalated. "Educate them?" expostulated a Tory minister "Whatever for? Let 'em work!"

William Wilberforce, as mentioned, suffered calumny at the hands of the Establishment. He was accused of treason, lack of patriotism, eccentricity, senility. Undermining the country's revenue was laid to his charge.

Reformers are seldom popular figures, in their own day and generation; the truth is never relished, because it hurts. In days of old, the king who received belligerent missive from the enemy faction hanged the herald, cut off the ears of the messenger. As logical for us to kick the postman down the steps because he tenders a peremptory letter from the Income Tax authorities. Nevertheless, such pettishness has always victimised the bearers of unwelcome tidings, —always,that is,since the inception of the Kali Yuga and the submergence of Cosmic truth and of man's divinity.

Notwithstanding, in spite of us and our complaints, rebellions and machinations, counter-plots and subversions, the Cosmic Law quietly and calmly maintains the even tenour of its way. It operates in and through everything, and nothing anyone can do will stop it.

Thus towards the end of each century, it will be observed that there takes place a revolution of some sort. They were building up to Magna Carta towards the end of the twelfth century; the end of the thirteenth century witnessed the break-up of the feudal system and the inauguration of the first complete or model Parliament in England; "What touches all shall be approved by all.” Not that it operated perfectly at first or even at all; nothing does. For allowance has to be made for the fallibility of man. But at least it betokened a dawning awareness.

At the end of the fourteenth century Richard II unwittingly sewed the seeds of constitutional monarchy by his total inability to impose the concepts of extreme dynasty sought by the Norman and Plantagenet monarchs. The fifteenth century culminated in the Rennassance of learning, and the Reformation.

This Reformation was not in itself a reform, at least in everyone's estimation. Neither could Henry VIII, by any stretch of imagination, be construed into a reformer! But he was used, contrary-wise, by the angels who had that particular matter in hand, who have to make the best of all material vouchsafed to them, since malleable material is so scarce, voluntary and graciously rendered co-operation with the divine plan still scarcer!

Henry VIII, therefore, was suffered by the ever-vigilant Hierarchy, to perpetrate atrocities by way of drawing attention to them; probably likewise for the sake of his own personal salvation, which will ultimately take place, but only by this roundabout method.

Similarly the Reformation opened the door to doubt where "religion" was concerned, and this, although it has contributed to the current chaos, will, in an equally roundabout way, eventually emerge as a blessing in disguise. Had it not come about, the Catholic "religion" would have retained its strangle-hold for longer than it in fact did. For, while this "faith" undoubtedly embodies more of the ancient original truth than does the husk of the Protestant travesty, it had grown corrupt, tyrannical and materialistic, and had to be got rid of before a new, liberal version could be superimposed. Just as our societies today have to be reduced to chaos in order that the Phoenix may rise from the ashes, so "religion" then had to plumb the depths of disintegration. It is like painting a door—no use applying the new coat until the old has been scraped off.

The end of the sixteenth century brought the revolution in travel. Drake and Hawkins and others of that ilk sailed off to their piracy on the high seas, and brought back opulent plunder for their glorious Elizabeth. They vanquished uncharted oceans and discovered new lands and strange new people. A truly Piscean venture, as far-reaching in its ramifications as anything that had gone before.

At the end of the seventeenth century we experienced the Bloodless Revolution, when we grew tired of James II once and for all, and all that went with him, and politely asked him to abdicate.

That is where we are so remarkable. No country but England could have done it. That marked the inception of real constitutional monarchy.

It has to be borne in mind that none of these experiments are perfect. They are proven by trial and error, and because of modern man's imperfection of judgment, lack of psychic perception, materialistic outlook and inordinate capacity for reducing everything to the lowest common denominator, often fail in application, though lofty in theory, and have to be revised from time to time, improved upon, or *reformed*.

The trouble is, that nothing is ever remedied until the situation has become acute. Obsolete laws go on obtaining legally long after most people have ceased to observe them. Many people continue to listen to the brand of brain-washing dished out to their grand-parents, and require half-a-century to switch over to the new form of brain-washing that must inevitably supersede it. Accordingly there is always a sizeable time-lag before governments wake up to the fact that the vast majority are disregarding existing "laws", and adjust these to meet the exigencies of the times. The outstanding, and most serious in its implications, is that pernicious form of brain-washing, dating from the eras when the governments needed lots of people for factory-fodder and cannon-fodder, and only a proportion of the population survived infancy, which persuaded the masses that they were not "fulfilled" unless they produced children! Some people are still, even today, in the face of obscene over population under that erroneous impression!

At the close of the eighteenth century the French emulated us in all but bloodlessness, and we marched forward into the Industrial Revolution, another gargantuan upheaval. This of course had its detractors. Fear of hunger, of unemployment, superstitious terror, dominated the scene at first, the Chartists came together in the hope of undermining it.

The end of the nineteenth century offered a spiritual revival. This always arouses the fiercest animosity of all. A group of esotericists headed by Helena Blavatsky introduced the Theosophical Society into the west, and for that century and phase, it did a splendid job.

But something went wrong at the turn of the century with our spiritual orientation. Rudolf Steiner affirms that the two wars prevented its flowering during the 1920's, when it was scheduled to flower. Accordingly we are half-a-century behind schedule in this respect. Not much, assuredly, in all eternity. But many are the signs around us today which would seem to lend validity to this explanation. By way of compensation, however, the wars had the beneficial effect of mixing people up, and dispelling class distinction and nationalistic attitudes.

Now, towards the end of the twentieth century, we find ourselves not only with the routine end-of century revolution on our hands, but the added, enormous onus of a new evolutionary cycle for good measure. It only happens every two thousand years. It might well knock us for six. It appears, at present, to be doing so!

Today, we are all Joshuas. We have to be, if we hope to survive. No use dealing with middle-men. We have such inefficient and unreliable governments, that we shall do better by supervising the job ourselves–the job of promoting our own individual evolution.

If we have a personal relationship with God, or total trust in Providence, we can't go wrong. The Cosmic law operates on our behalf, the law of supply and demand. If we are content with our needs, they are assured us. It is only when we become greedy and start wanting all the unnecessary luxuries and gadgets with which the market is inundated, that "systems" and "societies" come into being such as ours, where everything is done by remote control, and before we know where we are, our money is in the hands of incompetent bureaucrats who grossly mismanage it, and set us all grumbling and feeling bitter and resentful and going on strike for more money, because money is our substitute for God. Of course we resent putting money in the government's pocket—why should we, when there is a hole in it? We ought to be allowed to earn what we have and have what we earn.

We could learn from the ancients—they did not squabble over a token; they exchanged their services and mutually supplied each others' needs.

Chapter III

THE NEED FOR JOSHUA

The Atlanteans did not need reformers—that is to say, they had no idea of what consitituted a reformer—the conception of reform had not dawned. They were exuberantly committed to a downward arc—rushing joyously and energetically to their destruction.

We, on the other hand, are drearily and miserably groping our way to ours. They had no idea of anything better, because they had known the best. We, on the other hand, still "see through a glass darkly", and peer in bewilderment and apprehension through a fog of disillusionment. Some have a vague "lifted memory" of something better, infinitely better; others of us have not even that, having by-passed those eras which supplied it. We have known the worst. We cannot sink any lower—Piscean man, and man throughout the *Kali Yuga* has touched the depths, and continues to touch them; it is only of late that he has begun to take a second glance, one of horror, at what he has been capable of producing. It is only now, at the dawn of the Aquarian Age, that the teachings of Christ will begin to be understood for the first time in history.

The mission of this age is to put the Christ back into Christianity. True Christianity has never yet been tried. We have had Churchianity, but that is a totally different thing.

We need one reformer after another, one Joshua after another, to take up the cudgels, to point out what is needed and ensure that others do not lapse into apathy. Anyone less than a Joshua is liable to be crucified. All the gentler spirits who attempted this gargantuan task were slaughtered by the ignorant, or cast into dungeons that their voice might not be heard. This is the Conspiracy of Evil which always rises in wrath to attack any attempt to introduce the truth into the converse of men.

Atlantis, with all its failings, can teach us a thing or two. It was psychic, but not clever. We are clever, but not psychic. *Much too clever.* They became much too psychic. They over-reached themselves evolutionwise; we are liable to over-reach ourselves in tampering with forces we do not understand.

Atlanteans protected their mediums; we accord ours scant veneration. We neglect them and leave them to mingle with the crowd, which is an immense disadvantage, many of them not being equipped to fight the materialistic vibrations of the masses. They are obliged to earn a living as well as use up their psychic supplies in the interests of mankind. As a result, they are frequently ill, and get no special privileges.

Atlanteans did not suffer from over-population because they knew how to control their populations. Unless we emulate them in this respect, we shall go the way they went, though for a different reason. It is as simple as that.

It behoves us to prevent such a disaster. By now, we should be in a position to claim "one-up-man-ship" over Atlantis. If we cannot, it is our own fault. Each time man sinks, he is scheduled to rise a little higher because something has been added to him. We have a faculty the Atlanteans did not possess (just as they had a faculty the Lemurians did not possess) namely, that of the concrete brain. If we will now have the humility and patience to rediscover the arts and skills of Atlantis we can add them to this faculty and become gods--that is, if we will. But we cannot do it by watching the television or tearing about in cars, only by meditation and application to what is required. Today, we are beginning to witness (and must encourage) the re-introduction into our lives of the skills, arts, and sciences of Atlantis, and of certain modes and procedures which made up their way of life, omitting to include their particular form of curruption. Alas, we have now our own!

In a properly conditioned and conducted society, over-population could not occur because such society is spiritually orientated with equal access to all its spheres.

[illegible] lies so [illegible] between our two dimensions would be non-existent, and was non-existent in Atlantis which erred on the side of spiritual ebullience. We, on the other hand, have sunk into spiritual apathy, and are virtually dead. We inhabit what, to many, seems to be a dead world. Atlantis, with all its shortcomings, was vividly alive. It knew that "death" was merely a transfer from energy to matter and vice-versa. Any Atlantean citizen desiring to pass from one of these states to the other could do so at will, and signified his intention by walking between the two golden pillars set up in every city for that purpose. (In Atlantis they used gold and silver as we use cement, for building purposes and not as a token–hence the legend of the "Shining Cities"). In Jerusalem is a curious survival of this Atlantean procedure–the "Columns of ordeal", the legend being that nobody may enter paradise who cannot pass between them. They are placed all too closely together, with a worn part in the middle. The Muslims do not encourage visitors to attempt the passage, particularly since one rather portly tourist died in an obstinate endeavour to squeeze himself through.

This is symbolic of man's decadence, where a once-normal function becomes difficult or impossible, a once-natural happening must be construed into a "miracle".

The gesture indicated to his fellow-citizens that he wished to be left alone for the space of three days–the requisite time for the spirit fully to detach itself from the cast-off vehicle, and to dematerialise the same. More sensible, surely, than our depressing and commercialised "funerals" usually effected today in a most unflattering hurry, due once more to our ever-present companion, over-population. Not to mention the unemotional mumblings of the harassed clergyman or official of the crematorium, who cannot wait to get on with the next in the melancholy queue.

No wonder Christ was heard to remark, "Let the dead bury their dead"! Still, in fairness, I must add that we have come a little way from the conception of the Victorians, with their black plumed corteges and feasts of ham, or the paid mourners of the 18th century *who earned a bonus for exhibiting the longest face and most lugubrious expression!*

In the first epoch of Atlantis, the emphasis was upon the planet itself—its contents, soils and metals. Towards the end of the epoch, the main considerations were its vegetation and its orientation in respect of the distribution of its products in perpetuity. All this was the first work of *Sanat Kumara.*[6]

The first cataclysm (about 92,000 years ago) occurred because all that was needed for the expression of the first experience was something to inscribe upon the *Akashic Record.*[7] Once inscribed, there was no need to hold on to the expression and practice of those experiences. The job was done; the slate could be cleaned for future use. The *Akashic Record* has that in common with our tape-recorders.

The second epoch followed the same pattern, but in a more advanced way. This time, the main concern was with vegetation—the second work of *Sanat Kumara.* It supervised the full blossoming of the plant kingdom, its distribution over the planet and choice of the conditions and localities in which its varieties were to flourish until the inbreathing Logos will withdraw them from the planet in the far-distant Vulcan period.[8]

The third work of Sanat Kumara covered the end of the second and most of the third epoch, and dealt similarly but of course in a more complex way, with the animal kingdom and its future role in the unfoldment of the planet. In these major works of the planetary spirit, the devic evolution (the Builders of the Universe) fashioned the prototypes, but it was upon the humanity of the time that the decision devolved of determining their place in the Universe. Thus, man was given control of the elements, abused it, lost it, and now must begin slowly, painfully and laboriously, to regain it.

---

[6] See glossary

[7] See glossary

[8] See glossary

Thereafter, that instalment too could be recorded in its essentials, the actual enactment dissolved and removed, as it was, by the second cataclysm, some 80,000 years ago. Its culmination, the Luciferic millenium prior to the Capture of Luna 15,000 years ago brought to perfection those arts and sciences which we must now learn to use again. Already we see them in embryo arising in our midst in the use of the lazar beam, the rediscovery of the power of sound. Scientists now admit that it was by the latter "magic" means that Joshua won the Battle of Jericho.

It must always be remembered that in those early eras of our Aryan Root Race, any signs of such powers' upsurgence were regarded with horror and suspicion, as being works of the Devil. This was because, in a way, they *were*, inasmuch as they were perquisites of the Luciferic spirits of Atlantis. This did not, however, mean that they were evil in themselves. However, once superstition has secured a hold, reason cannot enter in. The Church's rigid suppression of all esoteric knowledge throughout the Dark Ages served in an ironic and often amusing way to bring the Devil into the limelight. It gave him an identity he would not otherwise have enjoyed. He became a "person", just as Christ became a person, and even God became a person–male at that!–as devised by an arrogant patriarchal society, because at periods of spiritual ignorance, man can only grasp the personal, and must identify himself with something at that level.

A significant point is thencefore raised, as to precisely what role the Devil palys in the progress of the planet; from time to time he plays a salutary part indeed! He "takes the mickey", points out to complacent mankind what a fool he is, how he gets his priorities all wrong, how prone he is to let the balance dip down too much to one side, to grow narro-minded and sanctimonious, to lose sight of the true goal in the course of his often ludicrous strivings to reach lesser ones!

At the time of the acute persecution of witches in Scotland in the 17th century, many cases stood out as being deplorable in that harmless and ignorant people suffered persecution, but the odd one had real power vested in him or her. Such cases are on record and there is no doubt that some of them were in fact endowed with Atlantean powers. Probably they had not incarnated at all in the interim period, but had been withheld until a suitable time in order to demonstrate to a spiritually darkened world firmly embedded in the *Kali Yuga* the heights that man can touch in his full development.

These "gifts" were not understood, were regarded as "black arts", because the church had decreed that no-one outside the Church precincts were to use them and that Jesus Christ was the only "person" allowed to perform "miracles". In Atlantis these "gifts" were commonplace; the natural endowment and birthright of every human being; Christ was only demonstrating them, but even he, the last great avatar, met with short shift from the abysmally ignorant and deprived populations among whom he incarnated. Long before the descent of the black pall of the *Kali Yuga,* all building was done by means of these "gifts", entailing the harnessing of the elements; all dismantling, all dissolution, by the simple human faculty of materialisation and de-materialisation of matter. Today, we cannot control any of the natural forces, and frequently find ourselves wholly at the mercy of the elements, which, all too naturally, have lost faith in us as the spiritual being in command of the universe, as gods-in-the-making tend to run amok, like an unruly class in the presence of a weak disciplinarian.

To return to the witches of Scotland, one of them was able not only to confound and ridicule her sanctimonious accusers at the Kirk Session, but also to effect her own escape from prison by the simple expedient of dematerialising metal.

The Devil, she affirmed, had equipped her with the power to do this, to draw attention to the crass ignorance and injustice prevailing in the Scotland of that day. Another witch was accused of "raising a storm", and this she most certainly did, nearly causing the wreck of King James's ship on its return from Norway. All she did was to whistle in the known signal in Atlantis for summoning a wind–giving rise, in later superstitious times, to the rhyme "a whistling woman and a crowing hen are neither fit for God nor men!"

The function of the hen is not elaborated upon, but the effects that can be accomplished by a whistling woman in possession of Atlantean–derived faculties are undisputed. Lucifer is as necessary to evolution as God.

Today, because we are dealing with matters other than those which exercised Atlantean minds, we need strong and determined Joshuas. They were concerned with the planet and their own integration with it. Their governance of psychic forces in the end went to their heads. They wildly abused these and produced anti-evolutionary phenomena. They instigated orgies of mutations, and practices which ran counter to the Cosmic Law. In consequence, they forfeited their land and identities along with the beneficent "gifts" to humanity which were their birthright–traditionally, they were expelled from Eden.

We must, therefore, aim at the recovery of these (albeit a slow and laborious reinstatement) without the exuberant self-affirmation and spirit of mischief which encompassed their liquidation. Most importantly of all, we must recover the ability to limit our populations–we can no longer ignore this. Neither is it something we can afford to tackle tomorrow or next week. It has to be today, if we want to survive as a human experiencing unit.

In our spiritual fog, we have lost touch with the discarnate entities who are waiting to be reborn into the tangible spheres. We are living and acting in a state of blindness, and so are they. For it is a stark fact that, today, most of the entities being reborn are not only in a state of ignorance themselves; they are being born into families who have no degree of enlightenment to offer them. They are being recruited largely from planes One and Two of the Seven planes of being, and this is because it is their only redress. While they are on planes One and Two, they have no opportunity to meet anyone who can assist them–they are only assorted with their own kind. It is not until they return to the physical plane (where we all rub shoulders together) that they stand the chance of meeting someone who can help them a little further along the path.

All this happens slowly, and unless (and until) we on the physical plane progress more quickly, the astral planes, which are compelled to adjust to our pace, cannot accelerate either. They cannot hasten the pace of events unless we permit it.

There is only one way to reduce the population. That is for as many people as are capable of learning it, to learn what life is about, why they are here, the character of their mission in coming to the earth-plane, the aim and object of reincarnation

Until they are conversant with these basic facts, they cannot cease to come back, time after time, on to the ever-revolving and seemingly endless wheel of birth and rebirth.

No other way is effective. Contraceptives, euthanasia and kindred expedients merely beg the question and postpone the evil hour. Souls artificially hustled off the earth-plane or denied entry, without consultation or explanation, will only look elsewhere. Sooner or later, they will contrive to enter. If this continues unchecked, eventually, by sheer weight of numbers, they will literally squeeze each other off the planet!

In this connection it is interesting to consider the vexed question of the Pope and the Pill.

On the face of it, a very silly decision—open to condemnation and deserving of the storm of critisism it received.

And if, indeed, the Pope did only issue his edict "on the face of it", because he has been schooled to say *just that,* then the Roman Catholic Church has lost touch with the ancient secret that gave it one-up-man-ship on the Protestant persuasion, who, at the Reformation, locked the door to esoteric truth and threw away the key, then opened the other door to question and doubt, over which there has been fruitless controversy and acrimony ever since.

The question one may ask is: "Does the Pope know what he is talking about, or does he not?" Are Popes being taught the ancient wisdom nowadays or are they only being imbued with dogma, as in the case of the Anglican theologians? There ought to be a confrontation on television—the most popular, yet also the most recalcitrant media of our day—but who would dare allow such a piece of dangerous enlightenment?

Because, as observed, the Roman Catholics are (or were, at one time) nearer the ancient truth than the others. Accordingly, they were more zealously pernicious and fierce in guarding it, though assuredly the Protestants did their share of witch-burning!

If the Pope is in possession of the facts, then he *is* the mouth-piece of the Hierarchy, as he purports to be, and their purpose today is, patently, to allow in as many souls who are desirous of entry, in order to afford as many people as possible the chance of seeing the red light—for we are so dull-witted and complacent that we never see anything at all, until it is forced upon us by some desperate discomfort. In the same way we shall do nothing about pollution until numbers of us are asphyxiated; we shall not abolish marriage until nearly everyone is divorced; we shall not abolish war until the weapons are so horrific as to represent a total deterrent. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear", said Christ, and is still saying it. If the Pope *does* know the profound, eternal secrets, then he ought to share them with the people. It cannot be considered desirable, even by the most obtuse, to tolerate over-population. It impoverishes instead of enriching every life-stream on the planet. It negates instead of strengthening it, engenders quantity not quality. A good gardener sows only a handful of nicely-spaced seeds and, thereafter, nurtures them, fosters and waters them, ensures that they have their fair share of sunshine.

Not so with us now. We struggle up as profusely as weeds—untended, unloved. The individual is neglected, at a discount, thrust aside in favour of the machine. No one can be anything—he is not valued, he cannot be recognised as an entity, nor claim even that modicum of self-expression which is his birthright. Over-population breeds the callousness, separatism, impatience and indifference towards our fellow men which is making a living hell of our world, with loneliness as its besetting social problem.

It is the problem of all times, so far as we are concerned.

Let us, therefore, be aware of the red light, and not be complacent, lest Lucifer get the better of us and bring about, as he swore he would, our destruction once again. Who can blame him for trying, when he sees such a splendid opportunity for success!

The Roman Catholics, however, have no specific problem. They cannot have things both ways. If they credit the Pope with being God's terrestrial mouthpiece, then they must obey his edict without query, and stop arguing about it. If they do not, they must regard him simply as the elderly bachelor some of them have designated him, who knows absolutely nothing about their problems, and in that case it would behove them to change their "religion" forthwith.

* * * * * * * *

Christianity has travelled or strayed far away from the perfect, all-encompassing teachings of Christ upon which it was originally based. This was to maintain a "viceroy" of the Source—the Pope—who was the recognised law-giver, under whose supreme guidance operated a band of lesser law-givers. To these, and to the "viceroy" in particular, the populace looked for "divine inspiration". This they were taught to regard as infallible. It was never questioned, but is certainly being so today, especially by the enlightened young people who are pouring in as forerunners of the Aquarian Age.

The Catholics, as mentioned, came nearer to retaining this image of perpetual infallibility after the fateful Council of Nicea in 325 A.D. which deprived the people of the knowledge of reincarnation and rendered the Church, collectively, null and void as a guiding factor.

In Atlantis, the ancient wisdom was not withheld from the people, who regarded their "viceroy" as its mouthpiece and channel.

Where the Roman Catholics deviated was in keeping truth itself a secret from the people, imposing, instead, systems of *fear in the Middle Ages and commercialism in later times,* thus preserving (or cornering) the secret for themselves and, naturally, the incontrovertible truth and the power that went with it.

Fear, bred quite implacably against a background of poverty and ignorance, and a blind following later (in times such as ours) of religious laxity swiftly develops into apathy. Now we witness a false position in which no one knows anything any more and many people do not want to know, or say they do not, which is quite a different thing and the product of bitterness and disillusion.

That, precisely, is what Christianity today has been permitted to encompass.

Surely, it now behoves the Roman Catholic hierarchy, headed by the Pope, to reveal this great knowledge and secret; to turn the rusty key in the creaking doors of the Vatican, and rout out those ancient documents which contain the vital information, and give our bewildered, anxious world its spiritual birthright.

Unless they do so, sooner or later, according to the quality of the people's thought, the tide of evolution will burst those secretive doors wide open and flood what is left of the Church out of existence.

Surely, the gross discomfort we are all enduring as a result of over-population must surely indicate, even to the most obtuse, the total futility of human life when it entails only repetition and not evolution. Surely, too, they must begin to see the light, to desire to know where humanity is heading. There is certainly no intrinsic merit in protracting the insensate process unless it is accompanied by progress towards that goal.

In the past, the discomfort was not universal; it only affected the poor, and that could be conveniently ignored by the Establishment. Now, everyone is affected. Our populations are no longer decimated by plagues and smallpox; most of us survive, with devastating results. So, as always, there is wisdom in apparent chaos, but it behoves us, the victims, to see through the chaos to the underlying wisdom and go steadfastly along with evolution.

It is a horrifying thought that millions in the western world still do not know about reincarnation. It is absolutely essential that people learn *about* this great truth.

It is not of paramount importance, as far as the tracing of individual lives is concerned. It may be of certain interest to trace these, inasmuch as a knowledge of them may throw light on present characteristics and activities. But by now humanity ought to be outgrowing the need for such details. Our little lives as personalities encased in these walls of flesh are not the object of the exercise, except insofar as they lead to a culminating one in which we learn the truth about ourselves, our origin and our destiny, the thing we came to learn. Until we learn this, we have to keep coming back and back.

The cosmic truth (or eternal verity) of reincarnation represents the very lowest rung of the ladder of evolution. A working knowledge of it, at least, is the first pre-requisite to greater spiritual under-standing. It is no use our going on thinking of ourselves as personalities. We must now begin to consider in terms of the wider canvas.

The reason the west is in such a muddle over it is, as stated earlier, is that in 325 A.D. the existing body of the church decreed that it should no longer be taught. Then, of course, there was the background reason of the All-Wisdom which directs all the affairs of men and the major decisions of history, and this would decree that it would require and enlightened and educated society to grasp and deal with the tenets of reincarnation and its implications, and this we have not had until now, at the dawn of Aquarius, when we find ourselves 75 years up from the Kali Yuga.

The reason the east is such a muddle is diametrically the reverse. They were not deprived of the truth of reincarnation, with the result that they grew lethargic and thought they had plenty of time. As we see them today, their spirituality has outstripped their capacity for action—we are just the opposite.

Now we have to aim at a fusion of east and west, an infiltration of what is best from their philosophy with what is best from our technology.

Chapter IV

ALL CHANGE FOR AQUARIUS

The sun takes twenty-five thousand years to go right through the Zodiac. This period is called a Manvantara. Every two thousand years, plus approximately eighty years, it leaves one house in favour of another, and this represents an evolutionary cycle. Thus, every two thousand years, humanity enters a new age, and this entry is always marked by a fundamental and often startling change in its orientation.

The new age begins to flow in before it may be considered to be established; the old, or obsolete, age lingers on until the establishing process is complete. Accordingly, for about forty years before, and forty years after, the inception of an age or cycle, humanity exists in a state of limbo—chaos and bewilderment such as we are experiencing today.

Each time there is a major change in this way, its manifestation takes a different form. If we go back to the previous evolutionary cycle, we should find ourselves under the Arian Dispensation, among the ancient Greeks. They could only see four colours. Collectively, they only included in their range of vision blue, red, purple, and a rather muddy green. This seems very strange to us, who have the whole spectrum available, with its wonderful gradations. In Greece, there would only be the exceptional few who could discern these. The limitation partially accounted for their somewhat melancholy outlook, and for the lugubrious tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides. At this epoch, too, the average citizen had forfeited his psychic faculties, and had begun to fear and suspect the astral planes, calling them the world of shades; whereas, prior to the Kali Yuga, the veil between the two dimensions had been thin or non-existent.

Just as the rainbow of spectrum had been available since the Capture of Luna and final overthrow of Atlantis.

Man's periodic deprivations or acquisitions, therefore, take no rise from outward things, but are traceable wholly to his own short-comings. Indeed, every human being who comes into the world, does so in full and total *knowledge and understanding.* This is a cardinal rule, an integral part of the Cosmic Law, and *apparent* absence of it is of the Illusion, not of the Reality. It is simply a question of *unfolding.* Wherever people declare that they do not know, it only means that they *do not know they know.* Then we blame God for it!

Travelling further back still in the time-space continuum, we come to the Taurian Dispensation and the early Egyptians. Theirs was an occult civilisation, but they suffered the immense metamorphosis of learning to speak on an exhalation of breath, as we do. At that time, 4,000 years ago, they spoke on an inhalation of breath. Little wonder that some of them took vows of silence! The difficulty and complexity of the change-over and the adaptability required, do not need much imagining.

The change brought into force by the transfer from the Geminian Age to the Taurian would be incomprehensible to us; the Leonian to the Cancerian still more so. This because gradually the grasp of Reality was slipping away from the people, pretences were being adopted one by one, the human Experiencing Unit was donning the mantle of illusion, beginning to place the emphasis and importance upon the physical and the personal—both fatal steps which led us down into a darkness from which we are only just beginning to surface.

Life in Atlantis would have seemed incomprehensible to us—"unreal" by our standards because only those portions of that continent were "solid" which were currently receiving the attention of the Logos of the Solar System—the other parts were in shadow until their turn came. Thus *we* should have confidently asserted that they did not exist, so all-important in our estimation is the physical, so incomprehensible anything that we cannot see, feel, smell or touch with the physical senses.

So far as we are concerned, now, as we voyage precariously from Pisces to Aquarius, the change makes itself manifest in the behaviour-patterns of humanity. We need not look far to become aware of it. Parents hold up their hands in horror at the antics of their teenage children. Never has the "generation gap" seemed so wide. This is because many of these young people are the first shipload of Aquarian souls, carrying an inbuilt wisdom whose well spring their forbears had been unable to tap. Certain of them likewise are the forerunners of the Sixth Root Race[9]. They represent its prototype. These are the gentler ones, even the "flower-people". At present the mode of presentation is strange, by existing standards; they may proffer you a flower with an imbecile smile, evince a blank attitude towards war and violence. This is because they have no cognisance of either. They have at no time incarnated in Pisces, never in the Kali Yuga, but owe their derivation to those times when the planet was at peace, before it slipped far down upon its declining path. Some of these are Lemurian-extracted souls, who, having missed out the animal experience, possess gentler natures, and may find difficulty in fending for themselves in today's world, with which they are becoming acquainted for the first time. Thus, they gain the reputation of being "drop-outs". Sometimes they find it impossible to subscribe to our societies and systems. Whether we like it or not, this type of individual is here to stay, and will increase numerically. They could not have survived, nor found a foothold, in any earlier time than this, when the Aquarian Age is beginning to dawn with its kindlier light.

Already, islands are arising in the Pacific Ocean, which, eventually, will provide the home of the Sixth Root Race.

Coinciding with these outriders, the Piscean pioneers of the Aquarian dispensation and teaching, are still incarnate on the planet, as well as the rearguard of disillusioned souls who have not been able to keep pace with the alarming acceleration of thought as the Aquarian flow increases. These pioneers have been crucified and laughed to scorn by their contemporaries in Pisces, for there is always a spearhead of persons equipped with the teaching for the new dispensation, and it will always take at least thirty years for the body of the population to cease persecution and suffer them to disseminate their knowledge unmolested. These have not all been Joshuas; but they have tried.

---

[9] See glossary

The Piscean Age, from which we are now emerging, has been a sad one indeed. An age of oppression, of tyranny, of bloodshed and war, violence and exploitation, and abysmal ignorance. It is the age which crucified Christ, suppressed the truth, abused power, and denigrated all that was spiritual. God never leaves us without witness, and when matters are at their worst, an avatar appears, to point the way again. Civilisation was at its lowest ebb when Christ incarnated, and, from that point, we have been on an upward arc, notwithstanding the two thousand years of the Kali Yuga which had still to run.

The age of Pisces was the age of water, synonymous with emotion and "religion". During this two thousand years we overcame the obstacles to sea-travel, and perfected our shipping. In the age of Aquarius we shall lift ourselves into the air, and overcome the obstacles to space-travel. Spiritually, too, we shall be lifted. This will be the age of reason–not in the narrow sense upon which the eighteenth century prided itself–but of the free use of the mind, of justice for all, so far as is possible within the limitations of human jurisdiction. The concept is already visible in our mode of building. In Pisces we have had the gable or triangle of inequality. Now, it is the cube, symbolic of universal justice. We had tiny, dark windows; now we have large windows, letting in the light.

* * * * * * * *

The Sign of Aquarius is the Man with the Pitcher of Water. He was referred to by Christ–"You will go into the upper chamber, and there you will find the man with the pitcher of water...."

The upper chamber denotes the higher level of consciousness into which man is now travelling; the pitcher contains, not water as we understnad it, i.e. H_2O, but the pranic essence or Water of Life,which will wash away the ills of Pisces.

This new Aquarian Age into which we are now advancing will represent a challenge. It will necessitate our learning how to stand alone, to depend upon no-one, to rely upon ourselves and stand on our own feet as individuals in our own right. We shall learn, sometimes the hard way, the wisdom of the counsel, "Put not your trust in princes, nor any child of man, for there is no help in them". The sign of Aquarius offers unreliability. If you have friends under this sign, you will soon see it for yourselves–charming, sociable people, but wait for that odd occasion when they shut the door in your face for no apparent reason! Thus the coming Age of Aquarius.

We have no true leaders. We have the Welfare State, but that does not solve the problem of loneliness. The church has failed, the Monarchy is a figurehead; we are "governed" by ineffective bureaucrats. The sheep are without shepherds, and must take the law into their own hands. Even in the poet Milton's time, this applied to some extent; new, it wholly applies. He wrote, "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed."

They are still not being fed, but there is a difference; the poor sheep of the seventeenth century were illiterate and unable to help themselves; we have an enlightened population which can, if it will take the trouble, recognise its responsibility for its own individual evolution. Once this has been collectively realised, we shall require no governments in any of the senses we have known. Once the truth of reincarnation and its karmic implications have been universally mastered, the objective will be achieved.

The church no longer has validity in its message, and will soon be a thing of the past. It is already, in all but name.

The first pre-requisite in introducing the wider truth, is to cease personalising, materialising; to cease to confuse Christ the Cosmic Principle with Jesus the man, its advocate at a time when the concept was unpopular to say the least. It is only now, at the dawn of the Aquarian cycle, that the teachings of this man, the founder of the much maligned "religion" miscalled "Christianity" all down the ages, will at long last be understood

From A.D. 325 onwards, following the fateful Council of Nicea, when the teaching of reincarnation was witheld from the people, the church lost the ancient secrets and will never recover them—that is, they have left it too late and now will not need to do so, for the people will recover them for themselves; already many are quite determinedly and strenuously groping for them.

Those of us who try to promulgate the truths of the new age dispensation are inevitably subjected to the treatment and attitudes traditionally extended to martyrs and pioneers, in modified form of course,—the Habeas Corpus now applies to us as well; we are not howled down as we used to be. Thus, today, the "How" of God's Plan is being painfully disseminated, but for the "Why", we are constrained to wait for Capricorn.

Our immediate aim, in default of total understanding, (the recognition that everything manifest is illusion), has to be *Universal Brotherhood.* It is the nearest we can get to infinity, oneness, that merging with the infinite which is our ultimate goal, and even from this, at present, we are a long way off. That, notwithstanding, is the goal of the Aquarian Age, and it is a lively probability that it will have been achieved by the end of the age and the inception of Capricorn, which cycle will present its own problems.

Today, we are living under the influence of the Pale Horse of the Apocalypse. He was one of the four beasts described by St. John in his vision on Patmos. The first was the red horse of war, which dominated the scene until the Middle Ages. The second was the black horse of commerce, very active during Victorian times. The fourth was the white horse of pure spirit, not to be in evidence for some long time to come. But ours is the pale horse—a lugubrious beast, neither white nor black, nor even grey, but of an elusive, drab, shadowy colour, without substance without stability, without warmth or comfort. Under his reign, St. John foresaw, would crowd formidable dragons with red eyes (the cars on our roads), and Armageddon supervene.

We see it now. All against all, chaos, universal bewilderment. The pale horse likewise breeds loneliness, separativeness, —fostered and enhanced by cars and television; everything conspires to keep people shut up in nasty little boxes of loneliness.

An old lady, solitary in a bed-sitting room—what a vast number live thus—can pass her entire life without speaking to anyone. She does not have to speak to the milkman, for a bottle stands on her doorstep each morning. No need to address the coalman who once brought the sacks, for she inserts a coin in the meter, and if she has no further coin when it is used up, woe betide her. She hesitates to approach the landlady, for the landlady does not want to be bothered with tenants. So she puts the money in the rent-book and pushes it under the landlady's door. The landlady signs the book and pushes it back under the door minus the money. She receives no visitors, for all her friends and relatives have died, if they ever bothered, which is doubtful, for no-one bothers about anyone any more, —that is the effect of the Welfare State.

In the fulness of time, this state of loneliness of our citizens, now so acute, will give place to a more spiritual philosophy, which will enable everyone to recognise the fact that no-one is ever alone—in other words, the veil between the two dimensions, at present still opaque, will thin out.

The permissive society we now enjoy (or disenjoy, according to the point of view), is, in the long run, better for evolution than the repressive societies which have gone before. Because it lifts a great burden from the astral planes. In a society such as the Victorian one in England, where vast numbers of citizens were denied even the right to live and breathe, a tremendous strain was imposed upon the "Summerland", because this was the only place (or state of being) where such deprived individuals could inherit their heart's desire. And such an inheritance represents a consummate waste of time, from the Cosmic point of view.

In today's world, most of us in the west, can get what we want (or think we want) in the material sense, without much impediment, whether it be money, sex, travel, leisure, entertainment. There are no taboos. Anything tangible can be sought after and gained. It is a by-product of the "No-one-cares" attitude, which cuts both ways.

Thus, as conditions on the earth-plane ease up, and rules, regulations and restrictions become less stringent, so the astral planes can ease off too. For the astral planes always take their cue from the earth-plane.

Some of the changes we may expect to witness in the very near future, as Aquarius advances, will bring Atlantis nearer. Already we are re-discovering some of its secrets in the Lasar beam, Sonics, Levitation–and we shall be "one-up" on the Fourth Root Race, for we have other advantages which they did not possess.

The senseless war between the sexes, waged for centuries, will disappear, as indeed will the whole concept of war. Most of this was attributable to the church, and traceable to the Sybils. At the time the church was founded, the Sybils were flourishing. Their form of prophecy was not only popular, but, stemming as it did from the nature-forces, could have gone right on to the end of Evolution. The church, being an ascent growth and sensitive plant, could not afford rivalry, and accordingly St. John and St. Paul in alarm, precluded the entry of the Sybils into the church precincts. The Sybils wore their hair long and flowing, and, based upon this, women were called upon to cover their hair in church–hair being known to denote mediumistic tendencies–and thereafter a number of new silly vetos and superstitions began to extend to women in general. From that, the same biased attitudes crept into secular life as well, and this, combined with the fact that the Piscean Age just embarked upon was an age of violence, and the attributes mainly in demand were the male ones of greater physical strength, gave rise to the one-sidedness of government we have suffered from ever since. For exploitation is unfortunately a human trait at present, and the male aspect of the population cornered all the better jobs for itself, and further conceived the erroneus idea that superior physical strength automatically conferred other superiorities. The dire outcome has been that throughout Pisces the planet has been run on starvation lines–starvation and suppression of all the feminine and very vital aspects, wisdom and intuition. It has been like trying to run an engine with only one cylinder, or a body with only one kidney.

Speaking of kidneys, thankfully, another improvement in Aquarius will be an increasingly vegetarian diet, and the gradual dismantling of those dark Satanic slaughterhouses; this again stems from the decreasing need for male aggression and violence, with its accompanying craving for the "nice juicy steak".

The net product of prevalent male government of the Kali Yuga and its pernicious legislation is today's chaos, devastation and absence of spiritual understanding.

Further misnomers have arisen by reason of the fact that the Sufia or feminine principle or polarity of Jesus Christ did not incarnate but always over-shadowed. And fallen man, with his seemingly incurable propensity for narrowing down, materialising and dogmatising, has come to regard Christ as a purely male figure, discrediting as is inevitable in a materialistic society, that which is discarnate and invisible to the physical eye. They even ludicrously and with breath-taking presumption commandeered God Itself for the male sex!

In point of fact, man is hermaphrodite, not bi-sexual. In the Aquarian Age, it will be our task to come to terms with this. Already signs are widespread that we are turning towards the next hermaphrodite cycle. Boys are becoming more like girls, girls more like boys; everyone affects trousers; clothing is interchangeable and alike colourful. The slim, narrow-shouldered male prototype, with its hands in the pockets of its jeans, or dangling inert at its sides, will–thankfully–not make a soldier; apart from its ill-adapted physique, it has more intelligence; it will not be regimented; it has seen the red light. Aquarius will dispense with war as it will dispense with marriage, in the horrible, "prison-sentence" connotation of Pisces.

We were hermaphrodite in Lemuria; we shall be hermaphrodite again—how soon, depends upon how quickly we are prepared to put the stitches into the finished tapestry. We have a vast amount of unlearning to do; a colossal amount of reorientating. We have to cease to designate ourselves as "men" and "women" in the old, misleading sense. We are world citizens. We have to conduct the planet together, on a co-operative basis, with jobs apportioned according to suitability and not on that meaningless basis called "sex". We are male and female principles, and in today's world, and since, approximately, the eighteenth century, and progressively more and more, it is invariable that the female principle is found embedded in the male manifestation and vice versa, the planet being now so orientated as to render the arrangement more suitable.

The male principle is executive, the female creative, as a general summing-up, and the Lords of Karma effect the requisite assortment.

As time goes on, we shall acquire all-purpose bodies, the burden of re-production resting no longer upon the so-called "female sex", offspring being correctly and originally produced from the throat chakhra by the power of thought. Neither need this—possibly to some—"strange" state of affairs be so far off in futurity as might be imagined, but indeed is viable in the very foreseeable future, once again according to our preparedness, willingness, and capacity for grasping its reality.

At first, there must inevitably occur some sort of sickness, disorder, unhappiness, in individual cases. There is so much karma to be paid back; unfortunately the karmic balance is inexorable, and for a while there will be resentment and perplexity.

Just as in past ages it was a detriment and disadvantage to be born a so-called "female", so, from now on, it will be a source of difficulty and less enviable to find oneself in the male embodiment, by reason of the fact that, for a period, there will less and less for these to "do", as gradually the emphasis slides off the manual and physical. Much of this latter is now being accomplished by machine and computer, while the meditative and passive aspects of life already begin to assume a status of their own. The trend is noticeable in the non-activity of "drop-outs", who are currently accused of "sitting around" and of "doing nothing". We used to make a virtue of necessity; "*doing*" was praiseworthy, *being* was despised and discredited. Not so today. Still less as the future unfolds.

Closely linked with the adjustment outlined above, is our second outstanding challenge, which requires a greater degree of humility–*loss of ego.* This, with one accord, we must all face.

One factor, over-population, makes it easier for us, or rather, forcibly draws our attention to its exigencies! no matter how unpalatable it may be! No room today for anyone to throw his weight about, even to stretch his limbs. Ignominiously, we must scurry down into the Underground Railway like so many rats.

That, notwithstanding, is the goal of Christians. We were told about it, long ago–"He that shall lose his life for my sake shall find it"–i.e. lose the personality in favour of the soul-life or the "I Am That I Am."

According to our speed of adjustment, with this as with everything, we shall either survive or get left behind.

All our besetting problems today stem from the one cause–over-population. Pollution, redundancy, dearth of living-accommodation, all are children of this monster. People live longer, retire earlier; people are educated and qualified, but are not guaranteed jobs. People today are clever; more so, probably, than they have ever been. *But not wise.* They are, indeed, too clever by half, and may well destroy themselves by that very technology which demonstrates their cleverness.

Scientists are, quite superfluously, casting about in their minds for fresh inventions,—like a car skidding on a greasy road, getting nowhere. One even invented a robot to clear the breakfast table. Waste of time and brain—a child of eight could do it.

This sort of senseless activity denotes the exhaustion of a life-wave. We are due for the next dispensation from the Logos, that of the intuition. The one after that will be of the will. Soon the emphasis will depart from the hard-headed technological skills and knowledge. Seen (that is, relatively to all eternity) a gentler note will be sounded; then the non-militant "drop-outs" will appear less anomalous in society, more homage be paid to the psychic arts and the power of thought. Things must grow worse, notwithstanding, before they can improve, and doubtless there will be a crisis of technology.

Certainly, the mission of our Aryan or fifth root race has been to develop the concrete brain. And we have done it. We have done it well. But now we are over-doing it. We must slow down. We must begin to infiltrate from the East what is best in their philosophy, just as they are looking to us for what is useful in our over-active western civilisation. Already people are alerted—there is a steady "hippy-trail" of such of our young people as find they cannot endure our vibration, to India and the East, to seek a quieter, deeper and more meaningful way of life.

But the one problem which has to be tackled willy-nilly, is that of over-population. This is the killer, the social scourge *par excellence,* confronting us. It is no use begging the question, procrastinating. The wolf is at the door. Unless we beard it, it will devour us.

Nature has its slow answer to the problem. Homosexuals are now being absorbed into and accepted by society, where formerly they were crucified. The wiser among our young people are refraining from breeding, since they realise the futility of it in any immediate context.

But it is not speedy enough. There still remain too many of the unenlightened in physical incarnation, and too many unenlightened souls on the other side who have no redress out to get in, by hook or by crook. These, if thwarted by the parents they have selected, will only wait until a future life dawns for these prospective parents, and enter then.

Spiritual education is the only answer. It is now imperitive that the people learn the truth of reincarnation. Because until they have been in, they cannot get out. And to get out, once and for all, and not come back, is the whole aim and object of earthly existence. Clearance and denudation—that is the goal of evolution, *not* everlasting re-production and repetition.

Alas, many still absorb the brain-washing fashionable in earlier generations, before the menace of over-population stared us in the face—i.e. that one was not "fulfilled" unless one produced children. While so many are still lapping-up such pernicious nonsense, the time-lag between a system of brain-washing becoming obsolete and its being changed, is extended, not shortened.

Self-development is a much more progressive aim than self re-production. Indeed it would be infinitely preferable if everyone developed himself before remotely envisaging such a step.

Hope of wisdom triumphant lies in many of our young people—not all. A sick society is always a youth-orientated society, and this can be dangerous. Youth-worship for its own sake will not help. For unless they learn very rapidly they will not be in time to save the planet, which is in greater jeopardy than ever before.

Interesting predictions have been made on the part of a current pop-star here, David Bowie. A recent newspaper report ran as follows:-

Eighteen seats were ripped from the floor of Brighton's Dome Theatre by screaming fans, four of whom fainted, at a concert by pop-king David Bowie.

The seats, fastened to the floor with six-inch bolts, were uprooted as frantic youngsters crowded to the front of the theatre.

The muscular security men kept them from climbing on to the stage.

Bowie's glittering space-age act got him the same devoted reception in Brighton that he has found throughout his country-wide tour.

Hundreds of fans wore eye make-up, stars and other decoration on their faces, and futuristic unisex clothes, just like Bowie's. Marijuana "joints" were passed among his worshippers as they waited in Church Street before the show. Touts were offering £1 and 50p tickets for £5 each.

The idolatry was rewarded by an outstanding performance from Bowie and his band, playing for 1¾ hours.

As performers they are streets ahead of most other pop-groups. The act is total theatre. The stroboscopic lighting, the weird costumes, and Bowie's charisma transformed the Dome immediately into a science fiction world of musical and visual imagery.

The strange dresses, the smiling suggestion of bi-sexuality as he kissed his lead guitarist, the way he wiggled his bottom at us—these were his predictions of how life will be in the year 2,500.

In the second half of the show came the rush to the front of the theatre. While Bowie belted out his songs, fans climbed on each others' shoulders five rows deep in front of the stage.

Towards the end Bowie really showed his class. With astonishing realism he mimed a man feeling his way along an imaginary wall separating him from the audience. There was no wall, yet we all felt that there was one.

David Bowies more than just another pop-singer.

Even though mass hysteria is still the order of the day, and unisex fans scream and faint in traditionally approved style at the feet of their idol, the famous boy's predictions will be faithfully borne out.

But meanwhile, we endure our Armageddon, and are by no means yet out of the Piscean wood. We are caught up in a vast machine. We cannot fight it, and since we have temporarily lost touch with the Source, we cannot extricate ourselves *by* ourselves. We can only request those who have some notion of the Logos to intercede with It to lead us out. In fact, if we return to the world of spirit, there is non of our problems that will not find a solution. If however we fail to do so, none of them will be solved.

So, according to the point of view, or way of looking at our predicament, it is a challenging and stimulating time in which to be incarnated, or a sombre and hopeless one. Wordsworth observed of the end-of-century revolution in which he was involved,

> "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven!"

For us, contending with the total upheaval of a new evolutionary cycle, a modern poet, Christopher Fry, has aptly summed up the situation:-

> "Thank God our time is now,
> When wrong comes up to meet us everywhere,
> To stay, until we take that greatest step
> Mankind has ever taken.
> Affairs are now soul-size. The enterprise
> Is exploration into God."

Chapter V

THE AGE OF PSYCHISM

One hundred years ago Madame Blavatsky issued a warning against the age of psychism which was impending. It is here. And it has created as much chaos and misunderstanding in the occult world as politics have created in the physical. Never was so much sorting out needed, never have so many ill-informed minds meddled with so many half-understood truths.

Psychism without spirituality, without esoteric education, is non-progressive, even dangerous. In itself, psychism does not lead anywhere. Everyone, today, is aware of the existence of the "occult", even if that is the extent of their awareness!

The word "occult" is now a misnomer, and should be expunged from our vocabulary. It means "hidden", and nothing should be hidden—at least from the mature populations which by now should have inherited the earth, but have, so far, failed to do so.

Everyone knows about ghosts; but few people know how to help these displaced persons, because they are not properly in command of their psychic faculties. Neither have they yet succeeded in overcoming their illogical fear of a prejudice against the "occult".

It is an age of "beginners"; everyone knows how to use a Ouija Board—for what such activities are worth! Very few, on the other hand, know how to use it correctly, and some misguided toy manufacturers have sold it as a party game! The results need scarcely be discussed! Even the more serious-minded users are in almost every case ill-equipped to contact the invisible dimension, towards which they entertain entirely erroneous ideas, ranging from an exaggerated awe to modern man's most gregarious piece of conceit, which he is ludicrously pleased to entitle "scepticism"!

These mixed experimenters invariably after a while, and perhaps fortunately, abandon their endeavours, because they do not receive what they imagine they want, in the way of "messages", or fail to help the discarnate entities who communicate, because they are neither prepared nor trained to undertake "rescue work". Until they accept the fact that that is all there is to do, on the astral planes they contact, their labours will be in vain.

The present attitude toward spirit communication is a selfish one. People long to gain help, comfort or guidance from the astral planes. There is no help to be had from that source, until esoteric advancement has supervened to such an extent as to permit of contact with the inner planes. The same maxim applies to spirit communication at ordinary levels as to earth-communication, namely "Put not your trust in prices, nor any child of man, for there is no help in them".

Many uninformed people imagine that because a soul has "passed over", as we term it, he or she is immediately, magically or automatically metamorphosed, merely by virtue of the transfer. By no means. He or she is, at first, exactly the same, probably unaware, even, that "death" has supervened, and is busily conducting business as usual. Many of our relatives and friends are no better off than they were on earth, and far from being in the wise position of advising us, are looking to us for help–hence their eagerness to communicate wherever they can.

Thus, unless a Ouija Board user is fully prepared to render help, comfort and guidance, rather than receive it, he or she is doomed from the outset to disappointment; likewise the unhappy communicant, who often finds himself brusquely dismissed, and refused assistance or even interest, because he is not "Uncle George" or some other individual desired by the self-centred sitters.

So, once again, we find ourselves facing the inevitable vicious circle,–*esoteric knowledge must come first if beneficial results are to be obtained;* but it seldom does; and sitters and communicants alike are left in limbo. "Beginners", if they are honestly in earnest, should aim to have a trained medium in charge—but she must be an educated medium, *not merely a psychic;* she must know how the astral planes operate and what the communicants' requirements are. Short of these precautions, only misunderstanding, disappointment and even heartbreak can result.

Today, most people profess to know something about astrology—newspaper astrology, that is! Some ignorantly scoff at it; others, equally ignorantly, profess to "believe in" it, or, still more unbelievably ignorantly, condescend to concede that there "may be something in it"!

There is everything in it. But, like all esoteric things, it cannot be understood until it is deeply studied. Neither, indeed, can it be dispensed with, as, ultimately, it has to be dispensed with, until it has been mastered and overcome.

The Zodiac is there for our convenience while we are on the journey through the "personality" chain. But it is our task to rise above it and transcend the need for it or our subjection to its influence. It is called the Animal Circle, because just so far and no further do we share the universal life with the animals. After that, we must leave them behind. Beyond the "personality" we have nothing in common with the animals.

The Zodiac is *you*. It is the human body, in space, as a part of the time-space continuum, and to each house of it is assigned a section of the human body. To the first house, Aries, is assigned the head, and it will be found, on the negative pole, if illness or infirmity be involved, that persons born under this sign are subject to headaches or migraine. To Taurus is given the neck and throat, and these subjects will tend to suffer from laryngitis or bronchial trouble in the winter. Gemini is nervy, may gesticulate and use staccato movements of the arms, which belong to the sign. Cancer is the breast-bone, the back of the crab, chest-trouble is often their burden. Warm-hearted Leo suffers with the heart; Virgo, the upright piller of society, may get back-ache, Libra likewise, but lower down, being concerned with the pelvic or balance apparatus, the scales of justice. To Scorpio, concerned with regeneration, is assigned the genital organs; Sagittarious, the tear-about, develops arthritis in the hips, ever "on the go" in earlier life; Capricorn, the hard-working goat, has rheumatism in the knees (the reward of climbing the mountains to lead the laggards up from the valley), but also due to a deficiency of calcium in the system. Aquarius must beware of varicose veins and weak ankles, and Pisces should never be a policeman or a postman, though he probably often is, because of his undependable feet—actually he is happier in the water and should have been issued with fins.

Thus the Zodiac is there to help us, but not to influence us, still less govern us. Many make the mistake of using it as an excuse for doing, or being, certain things, forgetting that "the fault, dear Brutus, lieth in ourselves, not in our stars, that we are underlings...".

Most people have heard of "flying saucers". At one juncture during this century they were made much of in the press, though in the inevitable facetious, "Mickey-taking" way of English "sceptics"—sober references were always suppressed. There are allusions to them in the Bible, if one interprets the visions of the prophets that way, or the Star of Bethlehem. There seems to be a "close season" for them, however, as we hear little or nothing of them for long spells.

It would be irresponsible to dismiss all the sightings as hallucinations. A proportion of them may be tricks of the light, some the result, as is the favourite refutation, of over-indulgence at the "local". The Air Ministries and responsible newspapers are well-known to be "cagey" on the subject—very "English" of them. So that, by and large, little information leaks out. Perhaps that is the way the Powers That Be want it just at present. Inter-planetary intervention at this stage of evolution would seem likely to achieve little, since, each planet having its separate mission to accomplish and being programmed to hand in the sheaves separately at the appointed time, all must be at different stages of development. Saucer enthusiasts declare that other planets keep us under observation, with a view, perhaps, to ensuring that we do not blow ourselves to pieces as our long-ago ancestors did with Maldek; that they emanate from Venus, whose denizens represent our Elder Brethren. Some say that they have "fuelling stations" on the way to Mars. If they need fuelling stations, they are not advanced enough to warrant our accepting their help—the transcending of any need for fuelling stations would be the most elementary step in spirtual development.

Adamski affirmed that their occupants landed on our earth; individuals scattered widespread over the globe have independently corroborated it. Brinsley le Poer Trench extolled the virtues and cleverness of the "Sky People". One thing emerges—any vessels piloted by superior beings must be etheric, not solid, that is, on any journey through deep space. They must have transcended the need for propulsion units, their gift must be that of materialisation and de-materialisation—everyman's birthright, ours too. The mystery may be an aspect of the truth which will not be revealed to us until the advent of Capricorn—part of the *Why*. Until then, it behoves us to reserve judgement, as with reincarnation, as with everything, to eschew emotion, and look for the simplest possible explanation; for it is always the simplest possible explanation; for it is always the simplest explanation which is the true one.

Everyone knows about telepathy and "E.S.P". Far too much, in fact!

There is no such faculty as "E.S.P". How can there be "*Extra*-Sensory-Perception"? It is that the majority, today, lack the *ordinary* perception they were originally endowed with and should still have.

Just as there is no such thing as the "supernatural".

It is that we have become *sub*-natural. Nothing can be *more* than natural. These examples show how dangerous a term can be when glibly uttered, loosely used, and less than half-understood.

Everyone knows about clairvoyance, and many consult mediums because they have failed to develop their own latent mediumship. But deplorably, still, in the twentieth century, many of these only want to be informed whether they are going to be married or buy a house. Such information is readily obtainable from the Estate Agent or the marriage bureau. And we can no longer afford to waste our allocation of the Cosmic Time by such idle speculations.

"Meditation" is no longer an obscure eastern abstraction. It has been absorbed into our language and everyone knows about it. But this field, as does the whole field of the "occult" at present, attracts unscholarly minds and persons thirsting after phenomena. There is too much unhealthy excitement aroused by the astral planes; to many are mesmerised by the glamour these seem to offer.

It is an era of indiscriminate experimentation at every level. At present it is man's only way of finding out. Constant, wearisome "trial and error", mostly error–in politics, in medicine, in education, with us as the guinea-pigs. Out-of-pocket guinea-pigs at that, as our reluctantly contributed funds are shovelled into the hands of grasping and inefficient bureacrats who mismanage and mis-spend it with glorious abandon and as they think fit. And now in the "occult"! once a shadowy preserve where only the hardier "eccentrics" dared to tread. They are practising hypnotism, hypno-thereapy, witchcraft, astral-projection with the dubious aid of drugs, exorcisms–these are rife, really popular, quite a showpiece, even on the television, that retrograde body, chary of committing itself to the truth, as handed out authoritatively by sober exponents of esoterics, but every-ready to present childish sensationalism.

"Messiahs" are springing up like midnight mushrooms.

We do not need any more Messiahs.

Yet there are Maharishis and plump schoolboys who are fed with chocolates and flowers by their devotees and gathered up out of the sight of men and swept away in Rolls Royces. We have Yogis in India and other mouthpieces of Jehovah in the west. We have Jehovah's Witnesses, but Jehovah does not need witnesses.

This is the Second Coming. We can begin to do the job ourselves without the intervention of "middle-men". We have the teaching, all we need for Aquarius. Remains for us to interpret Christ's teaching aright, for the first time in history. Most people read the Bible. Another vicious circle, it is no use reading the Bible unless one understands esoterics. And most people do not understand esoterics, assuredly without which the Bible is meaningless. The Dead Sea Scrolls inadvertantly discovered in 1947 by a shepherd boy who threw a stone at the jar which contained them, will help to fill in a few gaps, but, as is usual, the Middle East which preserves them, is in no hurry to let their secrets out, affirming that the people are "not ready for it"—this is becoming a cliche. By what criterion to the BBC, the Air Ministry, the Greek orthodox church in Moscow or Tel Aviv make the affirmation?

Do they say it because they themselves are not ready for it? When are they the rest going to follow suit? When is the television going to offer it to them—the only way to ascertain whether they are ready or not?

Of course people need comfort. They will latch on to anything which bids fair to confer it. But why latch on to false prophets? Why not latch on to the truth which is within ourselves, and as Browning tells us, "takes no rise from outward things."

How gratifying it will be when people cease to talk self-consciously about the "occult", or refer to its varying aspects as a "field"—as if it were some sort of scientific or technological study which we are at liberty to take up if we feel so disposed and ignore if not. It is no field. It is all God's acres. Sheer absurdity to call it a field! And we are part of it. We cannot dissociate ourselves from it. *We are it.* And sooner or later, whether we like it or not, we are going to tread that path. Why not tread it with a good grace as with a bad?

Chapter VI

REINCARNATION–ITS PLACE IN THE COSMIC PLAN

Helena P. Blavatsky has of late spoken through a medium, regretting that her teachings on reincarnation have in many cases resulted in obsession. In her lifetime she warned against the onset of untutored psychism, and now reiterates the need for warning against reincarnation-worship.

Reincarnation has its importance, up to a certain stage of awareness, but it is not of paramount importance and does not warrant a separate study. Its implications can in fact only be dealt with by a mature, enlightened population which knows the end of the story and the aims and objects of the Cosmic Plan. Once that is grasped, the facts governing reincarnation take their rightful place in the scheme of things. In the long run, therefore, it will prove to have been for the best that the church in A.D. 325 renounced the doctrine of reincarnation as a specified doctrine, though of course the original teachings of its founder Christ have implicit in them these facts. For, as Madame Blavatsky correctly observes, from her vantage-point in the Eternal NOW, the existing tragic Indian situation has been brought about by a reverse process, wherein these souls have been suffered to lapse into apathy, with the result that now the discarnates are in many cases hovering over the incarnates in the desperate hope of re-embodiment, thereby materially augmenting the miasmic and traumatic conditions of the country. They cherish this hope because they, too, do not know the ultimate answer, and mistakenly place their confidence in some idealistic re-embodiment, and in the incidence of reincarnation as a goal in itself. It is no such thing. So that, in this sense, the mistake they are making is as serious as that made by the western world, which absurdly pre-supposes that there is only one lifetime of seventy years in which to accomplish everything and, more importantly to them, *get* everything—which drives them to instigate strikes and frenziedly reach out after all the material "perks" they can lay hands on before oblivion and annihilation renders all-their-efforts null and void!

The Maharishi Mahesh Yogi on the other hand, plays down the significance of reincarnation, possibly too much, by implying a short cut. "Ah, yes," asserts he airily, "We know all about astrology, we know all about reincarnation—but we don't need them"!

No such short cut is possible; no such airy dismissal is viable. Every scrap of karma has to be redressed, and no amount of meditation can be successful unless or until this has been effected. In the West today there can be few who have so completely liquidated their karma.

We must therefore take care to strike the correct balance, neither over-emphasising nor under-estimating. An allegory may be cited in our national advertising of cigarettes. Large arresting lettering extols the merits of the product, while minute print at the foot discreetly informs the public that every packet carries a Government health warning!

We must approach our study of reincarnation with the requisite degree of detachment, carefully controlled emotions, and mindful of the Government health warning. Encountered for the first time, esoterics and metaphysics can be heady stuff; the astral planes offer a false glamour to the uninitiated, pitfalls await the excited student of "psychics" racing after phenomena; the cardinal rule is remembering that it is not necessarily any better "over there" just because it *is* "over there". Any more than going abroad is a cure for ills or problems—you take them with you.

The fact of reincarnation must, notwithstanding, at this stage be accorded a place in esoteric studies. It is essential that people learn *about* it. For this Cosmic truth or eternal verity represents the very first step to greater spiritual understanding. No use staying in the kindergarden when you could be in the Sixth Form. No use our going on thinking of ourselves as "personalities"—we must now begin to consider ourselves as world citizens and as souls on the return journey to our Source. It is the monadic aspect that must now assume its rightful priority, and not the petty reincarnating ego, which has been enthroned throughout Pisces.

It is not of paramount importance, as far as the tracing of individual lives is concerned. It may be of passing interest to trace these, in as much as a knowledge of them may throw light on current characteristics and activities. But by now humanity ought to be outgrowing the need for such details. Our little lives as "personalities", encased in these walls of flesh, are not the object of the exercise, but only a fragmentary part of it, important only insofar as *they lead to a culminating one,* wherein we at last ascertain the truth about ourselves, our origin and our destiny, our significance in relation to the universe, the truth we came to learn. Until we have mastered this, we have to keep returning. Some souls return for the purpose of "getting their own back", but this will only have the effect of disrupting the karmic balance again. A shortsighted policy.

Now as mentioned, it calls for a mature and enlightened population to bring about this metamorphosis, for which reason the All-Wisdom which presides over the destinies of men, withdrew the opportunity, through the medium of the church, in the fourth century of the "Dark Ages", when the then illiterate and inarticulate peasant populaces could not have supported so great a burden of responsibility.

* * * * * * * *

Planets incarnate and reincarnate just as we do. The seven incarnations of our planet, mentioned in a previous chapter, are the Saturn Period, the Sun Period, the Moon Period, the Earth Period, the Jupiter Period, the Venus Period, and finally the Vulcan Period. The seven root races evolving within the seven periods are the Polybean, the Hyperborean, the Lemurian, the Atlantean, the Aryan (our own), the Sixth, which will be tenuous, and the Seventh, which will be without substance.

Each root race has seven sub-races, though in the first three the subdivisions cannot be classified, since they ran all one into another with no visible means of differentiation. In Atlantis the sub-races were—Rhmoals, Toltecs, Arcadians, Armenians, Mongols, Tlavatli, Cro-Magnon. In our Aryan race they are Celt, Teuton, Slav, Semitic, Asian, Latin, Nordic.

Each time there is an incarnation the planet is gathered back into Proleia—or nothingness (from the material point of view)—ready for the next out-breathing. The process is just the same as that undergone by us individually.

There is individual karma, family karma, group karma, national karma, world karma, planetary karma, universal karma, Cosmic karma. Karma denotes Cause and Effect, which can be carried over from life to life, but must be worked out in the end. Hence Christ's recommendation to turn the other cheek. He knew that man's purpose in delivering the blow was to redeem karma. He saved the man further displacement of the karmic balance by proferring him the opportunity to clear the debt in one operation and thereby obviate the necessity for a further descent into matter.

Every atom of karma has to be paid off before progress can be made. National karma manifests itself in public demonstrations on the part of earnest believers in a cause, and sometimes on the part of hooligans and disorderly elements, themselves seeking reinstatement of the karmic balance; world karma by wars and conflicts and religious karma by scisms.

Every evolutionary cycle is marked by an influx of apparently new and different soul-material. We are witnessing such an influx today. Many among the young today represent the new prototype of the Sixth Root Race. They may be Flower People, who hand out bouquets with an imbecile smile; they may be drop-outs or drug-addicts. This is because they have not yet been able to adjust; they are fore-runners, and often take a strange form. But the fact remains that they are more like the Sixth Root Race than we are, and whether we like it or not, they have come to stay and will increase in numbers.

The reason they are so different is that they have never incarnated in Pisces, nor indeed within the Kali Yuga at all. They have accordingly no cognizance of war or violence, or any of the ingredients of which that cycle was composed. Their impressions were formed in the Morning of the World, they are "old" souls. They are therefore gentler, to our way of thinking, weaker, probably at this chaotic intermediate stage, perhaps even totally unable to cope. Something to be made an example of, as pioneers always are. Lesbians and homosexuals likewise come into theis category, for these often stem from the previous hermaphrodite cycle. they have no experience of a bi-sexual cycle. These have a built-in knowledge from long ago of the Ageless Wisdom. They do not even "know" they have it.

Oscar Wilde said that youth is wasted on young people. This will not always be so, and is no longer so today in a good many cases. They begin where we leave off; they are a wiser breed—the "older generation". They will boycott war, they will not have their lives mortgaged to a greedy patriarchal system which has failed, and be pensioned off with a gold watch at the end of it. Neither will they breed so prolifically; then we shall no longer be weighted down with, as Thomas Hardy puts it, "shapes, like ourselves, hideously multiplied" Perhaps they will spread the gospel that man's purpose on earth is self-development before self-reproduction.

Certainly the terrible scourge of over-population cannot be tackled by legislation. Nothing can, in fact. For who is to legislate? It can scarcely be suggested that we have wise leaders! Scientists and politicians do not seem to shed much light on the path.

Over-population occurs by reason of spiritual ignorance It is a direct result of this. In a proper civilisation it could not occur. For in a proper civilisation there exists a rhythmic rapport between spirit and matter, and indiscriminate pouring in of souls is unheard of.

People cannot be prevented from breeding until they learn not to, and cease of their own accord to want to. Many people do it because it is the only thing they can do; they remain under the impression that it is some sort of achievement. Others because they are lonely. It is no achievement at all. It is a reflex action and an automatic process; rats and mice are even better at it than we are. Until they learn that it is no longer a good idea, even if at one time it may have appeared to be, they will not get off the treadmill. It only appeared to be on the surface, because most people listen to brain-washing of one sort or another, and until a century ago, the brain-washing was all in favour of prolific breeding, because our rapacious and corrupt societies needed cannon-fodder and factory fodder. Accordingly the Establishment put it about among the impressionable populace that they were not fulfilled unless they had children. This is probably the most pernicious brain-washing of which any Establishment, at any time, has been guilty. On the contrary, God prefers and demands self-development. For our destiny is to lose ourselves, and we cannot lose ourselves until we have developed ourselves. That is the Law. Moreover, time is running out, and there are no short cuts! Once the man-in-the-street has children, his chances of self-development become more remote than ever, for he is chained even faster to his office-desk in order to maintain the children, and once again the relentless treadmill is set in motion—repetition without evolution.

Until recently, the fact that smallpox and other plagues decimated the nations only served as a blind to the stark fact. There were so many factors that cut down the numbers that attention was not forcibly drawn to the question as it is now. Today, medical science has changed all that, by saving and prolonging life until we stand at last faced with the killer, the social problem of all time—over-population!

A vast drawback is that most people in the west are still unawakened. They are not yet making the link, they have not heard the slogan, "Over-population is your baby! Pollution is your car!"

Most of them are still at the "personality" level. That is no good. It is vital that we widen our vision beyond the confines of physical existence.

We are not *ourselves* here. We are forced to wear masks, and are denied self-expression. We need to learn that the earth-plane is not our true home.

One of the reasons why Evolution is so devastatingly slow, is that people have not awakened to the fact that Evolution (or God, if you prefer it) *requires something of us.* The aim of Evolution is Clearance and Denudation. Not amassment, collection, and cluttering up the scene with irrelevancies! Improvement of quality, not increase in quantity!

But the souls cannot get out until they have been in. They cannot dispense with the ego and personality until they have expressed them, and most of them are still vainly seeking that expression here, numbly unaware, or wilfully blind to, the existence of the invisible dimension where fulfilment lies. Constant reincarnation is only necessary because of the barriers of irrelevancy and materialism built up and imposed by society. The slowness of progress stems from the fact that laws and legislation, and the accompanying brain-washing and advertising, are always at least fifty years behind the actuality and practice. People are simply not doing this or that any more; but the obsolete law still stands; it has not been amended or brought into line with what is actually happening. The Establishment is still mechanically broadcasting old-hat doctrine, and half the population is listening because it lacks the capacity to think for itself. Thus, generation after generation, people act upon the same old outworn nonsense given out by the broadcasting media; they fall into the same traps and commit the same dangerous blunders, swallow the same old materialistic bait. Once they are parents of families, they have forfeited their opportunity of escape, and can only relax and look at the television after their enervating and abortive daily labours, thus setting the vicious circle again in motion. They have become ful-time victims of the Consumer Society!

Thus life today is still based on the old primitive law of sacrifice. And it should not be. Even the most obtuse person must see the hideous effects of over-population. The world becomes a living hell for us all. The quality of life is reduced, the citizens themselves are an illustration of quantity not quality. Pollution, over-crowding, many of the younger generation unable to find accommodation and living at doss-house level, fraying of nerves, impatience of our fellow men and their endless cars, the ravaging of our countryside by man at his present stage of evolution—all these are symptoms of the plague of *too many people.* If at least the fact that the current generation cannot find nests, means that they will not breed so prolifically as heretofore, the menace and scourge will have served some purpose. But will they make the link? Will the penny drop in time?

Far removed from the earth's purpose, man continues to devour his planet.

Ten "just men" could have saved Sodom and Gomorrah. Are there not enough of us, caring and sufficiently alerted, to avert such a tragedy from our green and beautiful domicile?

Chapter VII

WHITHER BRITAIN

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred island,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars;
This fortress built by Nature for her purpose
Against infection and the hand of wars.

This demi-Paradise, this other Eden,
This precious stone set in a silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England,
We highly dedicate, O Lord, to thee!"

Poetry about the British Isles is legion. Up till the nineteenth century, it was possible to eulogise; now it becoming rather more difficult. When we had an empire upon which the sun never set, a great deal of flag-waving went on, and we were expected to join in it. We also had a green and pleasant land; it is now shrinking alarmingly before the scourge of over-population, of which we are a notable victim. Kipling wrote, rather sententiously,

"Our England is a garden that is full of
stately views..."

We could write, if we liked to be really cynical,

"Our England is a car-park that is full of
horrid fumes..."

Wordsworth was beginning to sense disillusionment, addressing some lines to an earlier poet,

> "Milton, thou shoulds't be living at this hour!
> England hath need of thee;–she is a fen
> Of stagnant water; altar, sword and pen,
> Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
> Have forfeited their ancient English dower
> Of inward happiness;–we are selfish men.
> O raise us up, return to us again,
> And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!"

If we live in an English town, we inhabit a world of steel and concrete. We feel despairing and undermined because daily we are forced to witness the destruction and removal of familiar quaint or beautiful landmarks in favour of blocks of flats and car-parks. At our present stage of evolution, people and natural beauty cannot live together. Everything green and lovely recedes before the onslaught of man. It is a sobering thought.

Occultists however are concerned with background reasons, not superficial results.

Over-population is permitted by Evolution as a demonstration, an opportunity for as many people as possible to realise that as personalities in this dimension, we are nothing. We do not count. That is, in the way in which we have been taught to hope we count,–namely at the "personality" level.

But since, obviously, we are *not* nothing, but a highly complex and marvellous mechanism, it ought to set us thinking –"*What are we?*" And as Britain is scheduled to lead the world, as it has for a long time, but in a totally different way, it is not out of place that we should be one of the chief sufferers and be offered the greatest opportunity. For in respect of the spiritual reorientation which is on the horizon, Britain will be in the van.

Everyone knows that Britain loses every battle except the last. So it will prove, with spiritual development and ultimately with government.

Many of us deplore the fact that Britain seems to have gone to the dogs. It has been going there, in both senses of the word, for quite a long time now, if that be any consolation. Charles II liked to set a fashion.

Entry into the Common Market of course eats away even more of our individuality as a nation, and one writer bitterly observed, "This is the day of the common man, and by God, is he common!"

All this we know; but again, the occultist must take the long view, and as soon as we do this, our spirits are lifted. For Britain can never truly go to the dogs.

This is because the "blue-print" for Britain was laid down in Atlantis. The lion and the unicorn. The lion on the left, symbolising military power and might, the unicorn on the right, symbolising government by wisdom and intuition, the feminine attributes of the Duality, and the next faculty to be re-acquired by humanity collectively when the Logos of our Solar System sends forth another life-wave.

In Britain now, the lion has lost his power, he has had his teeth drawn, he has done his roaring, once and for all, and is sitting down quietly; if you stroke him, he won't bite. The unicorn, meanwhile, has not yet taken over; the single horn, pointing straight out into the Cosmos, waits to draw down those Cosmic and Atlantean faculties for our use. Atlantean because in the Fourth Root Race they were in common use, just as the unicorn there was a real, not a lengendary beast, running about in the woods, awaiting the appointed time when he should be assigned to Britain as the symbol of the return and application of what was best in Atlantis.

In the interim period, we are destined to experience chaos and existence in a No-Man's-Land, where upstart and ineffective bureaucrats masquerade as our Government. But when the unicorn comes into its own, Britain will again lead the world, though in no way comparable to current ineptitude. Nor will it be Britain as we have understood it; it will comprise those souls whose karma at that point in futurity will have brought them together upon these islands. It will represent the location assigned to those souls karmically drawn or assembled there as part of their destiny.

We are a protected island. We have vested in us the Holy Grail, symbolic of the quest for wisdom of Everyman. It is ours to discover and hand out to others when the time comes.

But first we must be reduced to chaos. This is the Law. Before we can upbuild again.

So, instead of remaining a tight little island, a knot, England has to loosen out, so that the strands go all over the world, and has to open herself up for others to come in. This is the trend, and we must accept it.

Countries and nations are artificial things; there should not be any, and presently there will be none; God only catered for inhibited land, and sea.

The Tower of Bable set the adverse machinery in motion; —as always, through man's insistence upon identifying himself with the wrong portion of his spiritual anatomy. No use blaming Nimrod; we are all involved.

* * * * * * * *

We British are a mixture—Celtic, Roman, and latterly, "Saxon, Norman and Dane are we..."

But whatever our lineal ancestry, we are an exceptional island. Within our confines lies, latent, the esoteric wisdom typified by the Holy Grail; in our Arthurian legends we find embodied all human attributes and qualities needed for the attainment of that wisdom. In the Round Table we have the mystic circle, in the twelve knights the mystic number, as in the twelve chakhras, the twelve houses of the Zodiac, the twelve main human links in the course of reincarnation. Each of Arthur's knights represented one of these qualities,—Sir Gawain, the implacable opponent, Geraint, the autocrat, Sir Percival, literally the one who pierced the veil (from the French 'Perce-Val') between the two dimensions, i.e. the clairvoyant or medium. Sir Bedivere, the last of all the knights, personifying loyalty; Merlin the occultist, the wizard, the positive manipulator of the Cosmic forces, as against the passive medium who only "sees" what is beyond the physical eye. Lancelot, the flower of chivalry, Galahad the pure-in-heart, Sir Trystram, typifying sorrow; Sir Mordred, the enemy within, which has to be overcome before wisdom may be sought. The list could be extended, for Arthur had several hundred knights, but twelve are representative.

The feminine aspect is dealt with in Viviene (or Nivene, one of the ladies of the Lake), the exponent of witchcraft; Morgan-le-Fay, the devious one, endowed with Atlantean power, slyly encompassing anti-evolutionary ends; Guinevere, epitomising the love-object, Elaine and the Lady of Shalott (who are one and the same), the innocent pawns of Cosmic powers, testifying to the savage forces that are let loose when the Cosmic law of affinites is violated.*

All esoteric experience is there, a British perquisite, to be shared with all the world when the time is ripe.

We were scheduled to be a monarchy. Until lately, we retained the mystique attaching thereto even though the actual significance was submerged in the mists of time. Now the institution itself has lost its meaning, its members being merely figure-heads to the ship of state.

Yets curiously, some might say, the old astrological rule continues to operate, despite our scepticism and ignorance of Cosmic law; and no-one born under an inappropriate sign is ever found in line for the throne. Lee, Aries, Scorpio, Gemini, all of whom can tolerate regimentation and claim the power of leadership,–these are found in the royal family in that position never Pisces, who cannot govern, nor Sagittarius who cannot submit to protocol. Monarchs born under an unfortunately wrong sign have abdicated–James II was Libra, the Duke of Windsor–if only he had been born a few days earlier...!

---

* Other examples in literature occur in "Wuthering Heights" by Emily Bronte, and in the ancient Scots ballad of "Barbara Allen";- otherwise instances are rare.

Then again, if Charles I had not been born under Scorpio, he would have kept his head; if Mary Queen of Scots had not been born under Sagittarius, she would have kept hers. But that is beside the point. This method of government is of immense antiquity. In Atlantis, they acknowledged a "Viceroy of the Logos" on earth, and since the law then was solely and purely a moral one, this individual was the secular king as well as the spiritual one, who selected his own successor. It was through the person of this individual that the karma of the whole race flowed; and this ordinance formed the foundation of our monarchy. The only difference was that the Atlanteans knew what it meant and how it worked–to our ancestors its mechanism was shrouded in mystery, which rendered it all the more awe-inspiring.

An off-shoot or branch of the same survival directed itself into the Roman Catholic religion, but this limited the office to a non-secular one, and selected each succeeding pope by a different method.

Our Coronation ceremony is the oldest in existence, being of pre-Saxon origin; in its depths lie esoteric knowledge unknown to the monarch himself. The Coronation Chair of Edward I embodies the Stone of Scone, on which Jacob rested his head. The monarch is recognised by anointing and crowning. The oil is called the "Solar Drop",which emanates directly from the Logos of the Solar System, and at that moment when the Archbishop pronounces "in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost", the karma of the race begins to flow through the threefold body of the monarch, the oil being the focussing point for the flow. When the king or queen bows to the four corners, he or she is in fact bowing East, South, North, West, acknowledging the four Lords of Karma who control and supervise Britain's destiny in perpetuity. But the king or queen does not know what in fact is taking place. The responsibility of knowing would be too great for the capacity of today's people up till now.

The cry "The king is dead, long live the king!" ensures that there is no cessation in the karmic flow once generated.

Thus, occult-wise, the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell must have represented a significant hiatus or intermission for England, sanctioned, for a reason not generally divulged, by the Hierarchy, to span that eleven years.

It is through the crown that the national karma flows out to the race, having once been "earthed" through the feet of the monarch-figure. The open ends of the crown of England indicate this. But to ease the load a little, it was decreed that the karma might to some extent be distributed, and to the ducal families who are entitled to wear the coronet, was re-distributed a proportion of the karma. But the closed ends of the coronet indicate the limited nature of the allocation and the fact that the power could only flow back to the monarch, not outward to the nation.

We shall be the last nation to relinquish our monarchy. It suits us to be a monarchy, albeit now a moth-eaten institution, and over ours still lingers a faded aura of the mystery that once surrounded it. Charles I jealously safeguarded the Divine Right of Kings, and for many generations after it was filched from him, a belief in the sanctity of the monarch's person remained. All the royal Stuarts were credited with the power of healing, and particularly that of curing a certain prevalent disease–hence the disease was called "The King's Evil". This was one of the claims put forward by the Duke of Monmouth to be Charles II's son, for many persons in the west country testified to his powers in this respect.

Described as a small section of one of the sub-races of the Aryan or Fifth Root Race, Britain does not sound very important.

Its importance lies in its "difference". Being a protected island, it can never be invaded in the sense of surrendering its special privilege. Notwithstanding, it was invaded in the military sense by Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, and it is being invaded now by an influx of soul-material whose embodied reincarnating egos do not resemble "British" people as we have been led to suppose them to be. This is the beginning of the transmigration mix-up that will characterise the Age of Aquarius.

If we were permitted to travel back in time to the days of the first Elizabeth, we should find a very different England. It would be pervaded by an almost fanatical patriotism. Even the humblest peasant, rising in the morning to face a day of grimly hard work, must have been aware of the excitement, must have shared in the enthusiasm and anticipation. For it is always more exhilarating to live at a time when one's country or group is on the upgrade, than when it is on a downward arc.

That is what we are suffering from today. England, as such, is disintergrating. People are out to extract what they can from it, rather than to put what they can into it.

Many, who like to think of themselves as British, are perturbed. "All this violence...!" is often referred to with alarm. Some even go so far as to exclaim, "What we need is a war!"

A deplorable sentiment. No-one ever needed a war!

We are shouldering a karmic debt. We have to find the means of settling it, and to discover a new way, other than that of war, to absorb and harness the superfluity of untutored unchannelled unhappy male ego and unexercised male energy from which we are now suffering.

It is no easy task, and so far, very few bright suggestions have been forthcoming from any quarter! This is because the "authorities" who are empowered to do something about it do not possess the requisite spiritual imagination for the job.

But there is the other side of the coin. When a country is doing well, it tends to get above itself. It starts empire-building, and this leads to abuses. It produces the Indian Mutiny and Home Rule for Ireland.

"Merrie England" mean't "Fairy England". Not "merry" in the sense of being gay. But there is no doubt that its tempo was exhilarating, and there prevailed a light hearted attitude towards the light-fingered exploits of Sir Francis Drake and others of that ilk.

Fairy England because at that time everyone recognised the fairies; everyone accepted the close presence of the other dimension. There was no shame or embarrassment about it, no-one acquired an inferiority complex or considered the faculty "unmanly". It is only since Victorian times that the Englishman has been brought up to denigrate anything above his own stature. A pity, for his stature, at present, spiritually, can only be described as abysmal. To dignify it with the mild and moderate term "low", would be to make the understatement of the epoch.

It will—thankfully—not always be so. Spiritual knowledge and enlightenment will supervene. How soon, as always, depends upon us and upon no other factor.

People must, as soon as their karma and state of evolution permit, plumb the secrets of reincarnation, the lowest rung of the spiritual ladder. For unless today's people, British or otherwise, cease to think in terms of one life, the result must be suicide. We must be able to visualise the wider scene, to discuss in terms of long-term cause and effect, to be identified no longer with our personality or with any of the personalities we have ever occupied. Resistance to karma must be overcome. We still hear, particularly from the conservative Englishman,—"I don't *believe in....*"

He doesn't mean he doesn't believe in it—you cannot "not believe in" the truth. He means, "I don't like it", which is feasible and less ludicrous, but equally unprogressive and unproductive.

Somehow, by hook or by crook, he has got to learn to like it. And once he has done so—he will like it!

For the esoteric truths are his spiritual food, long denied him. The Cosmic law is simple, natural to follow,—unlike the foolish, short-sighted, expedient, self-seeking man-made "laws" under whose yoke we have laboured too long.

The abovementioned factors will certainly *seem* to inhibit progress. Better so, perhaps, in the long run. For, astrologically, England is registered under Taurus,—a slow vibration, but more thorough and far-reaching than that of America, whose reactions, under Gemini, tend to be sparked off by an enthusiasm which only proves to be "hot air" after all.

There is bound to be resistance to change. It is a "natural" reaction. When we use the word "natural", it behoves us to be careful. The word is cast about too glibly. Often in the connotation in which it is applied, it means "inevitable", or "human" in the lowest sense and catering always for the lowest common denominator. People advance as an excuse for indiscriminate breeding, "We can't help it; it's natural...." Children leave home, cut adrift from their parents, often breaking the latter's hearts in the process,—"it's natural ...", they affirm. Like birds; like animals.

But man is no animal. If only he were mindful of that! He is spirit, pure and simple.

Actually none of these terms is correct. There is no recognised designation for our reactions. We have travelled so far from our source that we no longer differentiate between what is "natural" and what is "civilised".

It is not natural to wear clothing. Yet since we settled in these northern latitudes, it has become a necessity; and that has been construed into a law, until it has become "indecent" not to. So where is the criterion?

Similarly with resistance to change, and, at a deeper, more far-reaching level, resistance to karma.

Resistance cannot be sustained in today's rapidly changing universe. We have to be fully adaptable, readily adjustable, fluid in thought, not "hung up" on any fixation whatever. Adapt or perish, has always been the keynote for nature; now it is the keynote for us.

We need to be observant of every subtle gradation, if we hope to keep pace with evolution; of every forward impetus, every innovation. Since 1899, the end of the Kali Yuga, this has been increasingly sensed. Even before that, it was beginning to be felt. But there would still be room for nostalgia. Today, we cannot afford to cherish sentiments like Lord Melbourne's; there are too many disappointments, too many swift metamorphoses, too much ruthless demolition, to permit of nostalgia, or of casting one longing lingering look behind. Mindful of the fate of Lot's wife, we do better to cut our losses. Better to accept change; for change is the order of the day. No individual can withstand it, but is bound to wage a losing battle.

The tide of evolution is battering at the doors of the Establishment. It is a raging sea, relentless, sweeping all before it. King Canute knew the fruitlessness of commanding the waves to recede; we must take a leaf out of his book. Those who do not, must meet with one of two fates, either to be washed up in a lay-by, hugging their little obstinate, obsolete "beliefs", salvaged from the wreckage, or be sucked down into the vortex, battered and bruised, and ultimately drowned. Better, if possible, to grab a surf-board, and ride out the storm, however fierce the waves or violent the gale. Because we have to in the end, if not in one life, then in another; and once we are in, we might as well aim to liquidate our quota of karma in one life, and obviate the necessity for coming back for another.

Chapter VIII

GLASTONBURY AND KING ARTHUR

"Then ye grasse schal bee as glasse,
And ye schal see ye mysterye.
Deepe downe hyt lyes from pryinge eies,
And safelie slepes, whyle vigil kepes ye companye.

Howe doe ye dry bonys stir and shake,
And eche to eche hys fellowe seekes;
Soone comes agayne what once hath bene,
And Glastonys glorye schal be seene."

"Rex Quendam, Rexque Futurus."

The story of Glastonbury and King Arthur is the perfect illustration of an identical thing happening in two different dimensions. It is the eternal conflict between the pedantic scholar on the one hand, who demands accuracy and exactitude and seeks truth in the physical dimension, and the clairvoyant and mystic on the other, who finds it in the spiritual.

I shall briefly outline the story of Glastonbury as we have it in the guidebook, a hotch-potch of french fantasy, mediaeval chivalry, witchcraft and wizardry, and sketchy historical references which may or may not apply, and then I will tear it apart for you, as have the iconoclasts of history.

From the rags and tatters that remain, you must salvage your own version. But let me warn you, it is not a question of "believing", but, as with all things spiritual, a question of "knowing" or "not knowing".

If you want to study it for yourselves, you will be reading from now until your life's end, beginning with Geoffrey of Monmouth and his numerous detractors, William of Malmesbury and his, wading through volumes of Sir Thomas Mallery, and coming up to date with Tennyson. Whereupon, although you will have enjoyed a feast of fine literature, you will be none the wiser, for every single thing you have read will have been strenuously contradicted by at least a dozen dissentient voices.

There have always been "sceptics". William Caxton, editing and printing Mallory's works nearly five hundred years ago, makes the mistake of pandering to them; he was wasting his time; the "non-believers" are never convinced by argument, especially such apologetic argument as Caxton's quaint appeal, whereas the "knowers" need no convincing. Thus naively he strives to impress the doubting Thomases;-

"Divers men hold oppynyon that there was no suche Arthure and that alle suche bookes that ben maad of hym ben but fayned and fables.

But in hym that sholde saye or thynke that there was never suche a kynge called Arthur myght wel be arrêted grete folie and blyndeness, for there ben manye evidences of the contrarye.

Fyrst, ye may se his sepulture in the monasterye of Glastyngburye; and in divers places of Inglonde manye remembraunces ben yet of hym and schal remayne perpetuelly, and alsoe of hys knyghtes; fyrst, in the Abbaye of Westmestre, at Saynt Edwarde's shryne, remayneth the prynt of hys sele in reed waxe, closed in beryll, in whyche is wryten PATRICIUS ARTHURUS BRITTANNIE GALLIE GERMANIE DACIE IMPERATOR: item in the Castell of Dover ye may se Gauwayn's skull, and at Wynchestre the Rounde Table; in other places Launcelotte's swerde and manye other thynges. And manye noble volumes maad of hym and of hys noble knyghtes in Frensshe, whyche I have seene and redde beyonde the see, whyche ben not hadde in oure maternale tongue; but in Walsshe ben manye; and alsoe in Frensshe, and somme in Englysshe, but nowher nyghe alle; as wel in Duche, Ytalyen, Spanysshe and Grekysshe.

Wherfore, suche as have late ben drawen bryefly into Englysshe, I, Willyam Caxton, simple persone, have, after the symple connynge that God hath sente unto me, enprysed to emprynte a booke of the noble hystoryes of the sayde Kynge Arthure and of certayne of hys knyghtes, after a copye unto me delyverd, whyche copye Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certayn bookes of Frensshe and reduced it into Englysshe.

Then, alle these thynges considred, ther can no man resonably gaynsaye but there was a kynge of this londe names Arthure. For in alle places Crysten and hethen, he is reputed and taken for one of the nine worthye and the fyrst of the thre Crysten men.* And he is more spoken of beyonde the see, more bookes maad of hys noble actes, than ther be in Inglonde. And yet of recorde remayne in wytnes of hym in Wales, in the towne of Camelot, the grete stones and mervayllous werkys of yron lyeinge under the grounde and ryal vautes, whyche divers nowe lyvvyng hath seene. Wherfore it is a mervayle why he is no more renomed in hys owne contreye, sauf onlye it accordeth to the worde of God, whyche sayth that no man is accepte for a prophete in his owne contreye."

How often indeed is the truth of the last line brought home to us!

But if you are hoping for historical evidence of Arthur's identity, you are fore-doomed to disappointment, for there isn't any. He might have been just anyone. Everything that has been discovered has been exploded and refuted. Even his grave, unearthed in 1191 from sixteen feet beneath the earth in the precincts of Glastonbury Abbey, has been declared a fake, and the cross attached thereto, proclaiming its distinction, a twelfth, century forgery, because the monks then resident, who needed funds for their declining abbey, thought it would be a good publicity stunt for raising money. Yes, even that!

---

* Thre Paynims, thre Jews, and thre Crysten. Hector of Troye, Alexandre ye Grete, Julyus Caesar, Joseph, David, Judas Maccabeus, Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfreye of Bologne.

While the fabled sword, Excalibur, could not have been pulled down by any ghostly hand and arm into the very shallow waters of the River Brue.

The miraculous "Passing of Arthur", so romantically pictured by Tennyson, is attributed, prosaically enough, to the sensible intervention of his sister, Morgan-le-Fay, who lived in the neighbourhood and took him to Glastonbury to nurse him back to health after his last battle. So what price the fairy ladies of the barge?

Historians cannot concur as to the location of Arthur's last battle. Some say that it took place on Salisbury Plain, in which case there would have been no lake into which Sir Bedivere could have thrown the sword Excalibur. Tennyson expediently places it in the mythical county of Lyonesse, beyond Cornwall, which was submerged beneath the sea; and in this case there would be plenty of water, as the poem proclaims;-

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord
        King Arthur,
Then, because his wound was deep, the bold
        Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross
That stood on a dark strait of narrow land;
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full."

As for the miraculous flowering thorn, traditionally brought by Joseph of Arimathea, it has a perfectly rational explanation, as a specie of tree well-known in the Middle East, which figures now quite commonly in gardeners' catalogues.

To account for the presence of Jesus in Glastonbury, one historian categorically avers that Joseph, if he ever came at all, was a wealthy Jew, speculating in the Cornish tin-mines, who deputed his nephew, Jesus, to look after his interests in that quarter! So what is one to think?

Here, then, is the story, only available since mediaeval times–neither Geoffrey of Monmouth nor William of Malmesbury include it–In 63 A.D. Joseph of Arimathea sailed up the Bristol Channel from Palestine, not for the first time, for he had visited before, bringing the young Jesus with him, who built the first chapel ever to be built on English soil, and dedicated it to his mother.

This was the "church of boughs", or wattle chapel, there to be seen in its pristine form until the year 1184, when it was destroyed in a disastrous fire. Around this arose, stone upon stone, the wonderful abbey that was Glastonbury.

After the crucifixion, Joseph returned as mentioned, bringing with him two cruets, containing the blood of Christ, and the Holy Grail, the cup or chalice used by Jesus at the Last Supper. This he concealed for safe-keeping near the foot of Weary-All Hill (it acquired this appellation for obvious reasons, being in botanical fact Wirrall Hill, the hill of the bog-myrtle, for in those days, Glastonbury was ringed round by swamps). His first gesture was to thrust his staff into the ground at the foot of the hill, where it spontaneously took rest, burst into blossom, and has ever since been flowering twice a year, once in May as our hawthorns do, and once at Christmas, when ours certainly don't.

During the seventeenth century, a Puritan under Oliver Cromwell, shocked at the idolatry which had grown up round the tree, dragged it up and set fire to it, fondly hoping that he had stricken it, root and branch, as was the drastic way of Puritans. Not so, for some devout monks had rushed to the rescue, salvaged a slip, carried it off under cover of night to their sanctuary at Glastonbury, planted it within the precincts, where it flourished and flourishes to this day, obligingly performing its double act for posterity and distinguishing itself as a tree of amazing vitality.

Joseph set up his headquarters in the vicinity of the Chalice Well, an ice-cold chalybeate spring which he divined there, its source being deep in the heart of the Mendips. Later, eighteenth century hypochondriacs re-discovered it as a spa, which for a season was able to vie with Bath.

For several centuries, the Dark Ages engulfed Glastonbury and England. Then came Arthur. He was either a nobleman of Roman extraction, or, as in Mallory's works, the son of Uther Pendragon, the British king, and Igrayne the Duchess of Cornwall.

At the behest of Merlin the magician, he was spirited away and handed over to Sir Ecter de Maryse and his wife who were to act in the capacity of foster-parents, so that no-one should know that Uther Pendragon had an heir. Whichever version be accepted, the circumstances of Arthur's birth are shrouded in mystery. Consequently there was consternation in the land on the death of Uther Pendragon, because there was no king.

At Merlin's counsel, the Archbishop of Canterbury convened a meeting of "all jantyllmen of armes" at Westminster, where, the magician promised, God would appoint their king by means of a miracle.

Surely enough, there before them all, stood the Sword in the Stone. No-one might extract it but the true and destined king.

Needless to say, they all essayed it; but it was Arthur alone who could pull it out, and he could do so quite effortlessly. So at length, rather reluctantly, the conservative nobility accepted him, and he was anointed and crowned.

It was quite by chance that Arthur gained the sword. He was too young to know the secret of the stone. The circumstances of his acquiring it are so human, and so "un-dated", that they may be recounted in modern language as convincingly as in Mallory's archaic style:-

Arthur's foster-brother Kay, idling about the streets of Westminster, became involved in a brawl (this seems to have been the predominant occupation of knights and squires in those days!) and Arthur, seeing his brother without a weapon, ran home to their lodging to fetch Kay's sword. Everyone was out, however, the lady of the house having gone in a party to some tournament—as it might be Bingo or the hair-dresser. "Bother!" thought Arthur, "I can't hang about here all the afternoon waiting for them to come back. Once these jousts start, they go on for hours. I know! I'll borrow that one sticking in that stone. It won't be missed, and I can always replace it."

Suiting the action to the words, he pulled out the sword without difficulty, and hurried with it to his brother. "Aha," thought Kay, "that is *the* sword! Now I'm king of England!" "Wait a minute!" cried the others, "Who gave it to you?" "Only Arthur," replied Kay contemptuously, "My kid brother."

That clinched the matter. Arthur was king.

His first sworn resolution was to rid the country of the Saxons and all potential invaders. To that end, he convened the Knights of the Round Table. Here again, conjecture activates the historians: Some say he was merely a country squire, who, more intelligent and enterprising than his contemporaries, gathered together a disciplined band of fighting men, and did what he could locally; others that he was indeed a great king who held sway over vast territory and conducted extensive campaigns abroad, even against the Roman emperor Lucius, not to mention the slaying of giants and dragons and recreant knights on home ground. His castle and headquarters, Camelot, was Cadbury Hill, recently excavated,* though some locate it at Winchester; but he owned other strongholds, Tintagel, which he won in fair fight from the treacherous King Mark of Cornwall, Caerleon-upon-Usk, Carlisle (Carlehyll), and Maydens Castle in Scotland. There was Joyous Garde, too, in the north, but that belonged to Sir Lancelot of the Lake, some historians equating it with Alnwick, others Bamborough. Now indeed we are entering into a veritable labyrinth of speculation. In Tennyson's "The Lady of Shalott", the dead maiden's barge only had a couple of miles to glide into Camelot, but the Fair Maid of Astolat, who was one and the same, dwelt, according to Mallory, at Guildford, in which case she had to negotiate first the Wey, then the Thames, to reach King Arthur's court at Westminster and deliver from her dead hand her letter to Sir Lancelot. Better to draw back at the threshold of the labyrinth–whatever the truth, King Arthur and his knights certainly contrived to cover some long distances, despite the paucity of transport, the density of the wild beast population and the non-existence of roads.

---

* In 1966

Arthur married Guinevere, the daughter of King Leodograunce of Camelliard (Camelot). The choice did not prove a felicitous one, for she afterwards ran away with Lancelot, and engendered no small unheaval among the (mostly) highly moral and dedicated knights of the Round Table. These gentlemen had to swear a sort of Hippocratic Oath, that they would always uphold the honour of the king, rescue damsels in distress, fight the Saxons, stand no nonsense from dragons, giants, fiery serpents, or recreant knights, and later they added a clause of their own, to search for the Holy Grail. King Arthur did not approve of their doing this. Quite correctly, he predicted that it would prove a wild goose chase, and that their proper job was keeping the Saxons down.

Notwithstanding, human nature being what it is, they obstinately refused to listen, and were carried away by the glamour of the Holy Grail. Here again, it is a purely spiritual concept. The grail was not to be found in its physical form, but only, much later, in Aquarius, in its spiritual interpretation of universal wisdom. And only *one* knight, Sir Galahad, the pure-hearted one, was ever allowed to glimpse even the essence of it for more than a fleeting moment, and to contact its etheric counterpart resting on the white samite. For the others, it remained always a tantalising vision, ever floating above them, never to be touched with hand nor won by sword.

In the same way, the grave of Arthur was never to be found, nor was Arthur to return in the flesh, contrary to some eager expectations, to lead Britain to victory. For although a Welsh bard had predicted that a grave *would* be found, in a hollow oak, sixteen feet below ground, "and they shall marvel at the huge bones therein", and such a grave *was* found, in 1191, it was not positively identified as that of Arthur and Queen Guinevere.

And assuredly it was not the grave of Arthur and Guinevere of the mediaeval romances; the tresses of golden hair, in a marvellous state of preservation, were not those of the beautiful queen—for *they* were creatures of faery, not to be interred in heavy clay, but to de-materialise, as Christ did, as all human beings should be able to do, and need no grave at all. Arthur was a Christian, this was a Celtic burial, in a hollow oak. The bones were indeed of immense size, and there were twelve terrible wounds in the skull; so states an eye-witness. *Yet,* "A MYSTERY TILL THE DAY OF JUDGMENT, THE GRAVE OF ARTHUR", sang the Welsh bard, and would not change his tune.

And Tennyson, who saw the Passing of Arthur with astral eyes, was thinking in terms of the astral Avalon, "where fall not rain, nor hail, nor any snow," for there has always been plenty of both around the misty, swampy "Isle of Apples". And Arthur was thinking of the Summerland when he said, "there shall I heal me of my grievous wound...", for he knew that he was dying.

The physical and the spiritual cannot be mixed. They run con currently, they interpenetrate, for those who will let them. But the scientist and the historian cannot be reconciled with the one who "knows" without evidence which is apparent to the physical senses. Even Arthur realised with regret and sadness that anyone endeavouring to introduce into this dimension what rightly belongs to the spiritual realm is doomed to failure. He himself died after his last battle in a frame of mind which can only be described as bewildered and disillusioned. The Saxons, after all his strivings and sacrifices, seemed to be victorious. He wondered whether after all he had not been fighting a losing battle. His wife had left him for

Sir Lancelot, this same Lancelot, his favourite knight, whom he loved above all men, had turned against him and taken up opposing arms; many of his knights had proved false to their vows, his own son, Sir Mordred, had treacherously engineered his death, as it had been predicted. Even his last remaining knight, Sir Bedivere, whose loyalty had never been impeached, attempted to deceive him, for, on being requested by the dying king to throw the sword Excalibur into the lake, the knight only pretended to do so, thinking it a pity to waste so rare and priceless a work of art; and it was not until Arthur, despite his ebbing strength, threatened to kill him with his own hands, that he at last complied.

Thus it will be seen that Arthur, like Christ, like Joan of Arc, like Francis of Assisi and others before and since, quitted this world in the midst of darkness, doubt, and a crushing semblance of failure, with nothing, as far as they could see, to show for their efforts.

It is only afterwards, often long afterwards, that there is anything to show, and for these Joshuas of the Dark Ages, the trumpets only sound on the Other Side.

So, too, it was for Sir Lancelot, the parellel protagonist in the Arthurian cycle. For after all his triumphs, his mighty feats of arms, his prowess in war and in the lists, his popularity and acclaim, and the hero-worship showered upon him, he died in sorrow, a wasted hermit, forever "grovelling" as Mallory expresses it, on the tomb of Arthur and Guinevere, consumed with grief and remorse, until his brother came upon his lifeless body.

Mallory's encomium touches a vibrant chord;-

> "Then wente Sir Bors unto Sir Ector and tolde hym howe there laye his brother, Sir Launcelot, dede. And then Sir Ector threw hys shelde, swerde and helme from him, and whan he behelde Sir Launcelot's vysage, he fyl downe in a swoune. And whan he waked hyt were harde anye tongue to telle the doleful complayntes that he mayd for hys brother.

> "A, Launcelot," he seyde, "thou were the hede of alle Crysten knyghts! And now I dare seye, "seyde Sir Ector, "thou, Sir Launcelot, ther thou lyest, that thou were never macched of erthelye knyghte's hande. And thou were the curtest knyghte that ever bare shelde. And thou were the truest frende to thy lovar that ever bestrade hors, and thou were the truest lover of a synful man that ever loved woman, and thou were the kyndest man that ever strake with swerde. An thou were the godelyest persone that ever cam emonge prees of knyghtes, and thou was the mekest man and the jantyllest that ever sate in halle emonge ladyes, and thou were the sternest knyghte to thy mortal foo that ever put sphere in the reste."

After that splendid tribute from brother to brother, a silence as of death falls on Avilion.

But throughout the Dark Ages, Glastonbury held in trust the lamp of Christendom, and kept it burning.

At one time, there were vast numbers of holy relics there which have since disappeared. A book published in 1909 enumerates some of them. King Alfred conferred gifts on the monastery, among them a piece of the true cross, which Pope Marinus had sent him. There were relics of two Saxon saints, the bones of St. Urban, the unwithered arm of St. Oswald, a garment of St. Katherine, a piece of Isaiah's tomb, a fragment of the temple floor, some hairs of Jesus, bits of the sponges, the spine of the Crown of Thorns, and one thorn thereof, a thread of Our Lady's robe, a fragment of the lily she carried, two bones of John the Baptist, St. Hugh's hair shirt, relics of Thomas Becket and Edmund of Canterbury, some teeth of St. Peter and part of his beard, the jaw of St. Philip with teeth, the bodies of St. Patrick and St. Dunstan, a bone of St. George, a bone of Daniel, a fragment of manna (Sir Lancelot according to legend was given this to each during his illness and wanderings, when for two years he was absent from King Arthur's court, a length of Moses' rod, a water-pot from Cana, St. Peter's staff, St. Christopher's crown, a section of St. Paulinus' finger.

That does not by any means close the inventory, but it will suffice to show how rich a treasure-house Glastonbury boasted until Henry VIII's depredations laid it in ruin and its last aged pathetic abbot, Richard Whyting, was dragged to the summit of the Tor, and there hanged drawn and quartered for protesting the king's despoilments and—more unforgivably—matrimonial side-steppings.

In the early years of this century, Frederick Bligh Bond was Director of Excavations at Glastonbury. He located the buried Edgar Chapel by means of spirit-communication with discarnate thirteenth century monks. Through his mediumship came detailed descriptions and sketches of two buried chapels, so that, when he began digging, he knew exactly where to look. His new out-of-print book "The Gate of Remembrance", published in 1918, revealed the spirit-source of his findings. Whereupon ecclesiastical dishonesty and vandalism not only obliterated all trace of his valuable archaeological work, but engineered his dismissal from his post. Dogs-in-the-manger, they were not only bereft of spirituality themselves, but ensured that others should be denied its benefits. Today, even the church could not get away with that!

Bond appealed to the "Times" for a public enquiry, and for the reinstatement of the features effaced or altered by jealous orthodoxy; but nothing was done. The discoveries are merely indicated by tennis-court type markings on the grassy sward of the abbey grounds.

Always among us move these poor-in-spirit, with their mean and dreary policies of exclusion. What is the use of a church that negates the tenets of its own founder? Little improved are the publicising media of today, which still decline to lend an ear to the "still small voices from a distant time, thrilling through the void and stirring faint resonances within the deeps of our own being—the great telepathy, the true communion of mind, the gate of knowledge, the gnosis of the apostle, whose key is mental sympathy, the key that the lawyers took away, *neither entering themselves, nor suffering others to enter.*"

Chapter IX

GLASTONBURY–2,000 YEARS ON

"And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green...?"

Why not? And it was the hills of Avalon that Blake referred to.

And, being a carpenter, why should not Jesus build with his own hands that unpretentious wattle chapel which the guidebook confidently affirms was there until the fire of 1184.

Later, when Joseph of Arimathea came and planted his flowering staff, Glastonbury was established as the spiritual centre of Britain, and indeed of the world.

Now, there are only a few scattered relics. Even the reputed and refuted tombs of Arthur and Guinevere have disappeared.

But the water of the Chalice Well, from the spring in the Mendips, tastes as ice-cold and sweet as when Joseph kept his sanctuary there, at the foot of Weary-All Hill.

On Midsummer Eve, one must sleep out all night, either on Chanctonbury Ring or on Glastonbury Tor. Each preserves its colony of faries, its mystic surprises, its manifestation of the solstice.

One does not always do it entirely from choice. In my own case, in the course of my endeavours to establish my own version of the King Arthur story, it just happened. I had walked there from Hampshire, aided by a lift or two, trying to be as much like a real pilgrim as possible, hailing my advent by no preliminary telephone booking.

There was nowhere to stay in the town. Everyone displayed notices in their windows to the effect that they did not serve hippies.

Half the population of Glastonbury is composed of hippies. The place offers that which attracts these "different" souls.

Not that it is a friendly town. Far from it. But not that it can be blamed; it is a tourist centre, and must safeguard its livelihood. The dubious householders opened their doors half-an-inch, and surveyed me with that look which denotes their reading of "hippy" into every line of me. The result was that, as the evening advanced, my enthusiasm for gaining admittance to one of these expensive and respectable establishments waned. My "inner voice" prompted me not to bother about it. Inevitably, as had been laid down from the moment my soul embarked upon its journey through the mineral stage, I toiled up Weary-All Hill, to the summit of the Tor, and spent the night with the hippies.

It was not very warm for Midsummer Night. In fact it was cold. I had not even a blanket. At first it was magical. Not a sound. And this in spite of the crowd of people. Butterflies brushed against me and settled on my knees. Below in the hazy meadows swifts and swallows flitted; cows grazed motionless in lush valleys which in King Arthur's time had been spectral caverns of mist. The sinking sun was wonderfully warm. When it was gone, the moon took its place and the stars came out, some of them moving–not like comets or shooting stars, not like aeroplanes, and, as was to be expected, the hippies unequivocally accepted them as flying saucers.

I do not know what they were; but I was content to marvel at the peace. Had this gathering comprised "nice" or "ordinary" people, it would not have fitted into the landscape; there would have been noisy children, well-dressed self-conscious sightseers staring at landmarks and stating the obvious; and of course the remorseless cars, forced as far up that grassy promontory as internal combustion and modern man's laziness will connive at.

Not so with these silent people. Wrapped in their bath-towels, table-cloths, sleeping-bags, they seemed to be meditating, gazing far out over the countryside from that high remote elevation. Few of them slept. As the night wore on, they made their strange music, albeit quietly. One produced Pan-like effects from a flute; there was a guitar, a subdued monotonous drum-beat. But no shouting, no superfluous chatter, no litter. They conversed softly, long into the night; they talked of esoteric things, they saw with the inner eye.

They are gentle young people, probably from good homes, nice parents. But they cannot get on with their parents, because of the "generation gap". They embrace a new ethic, a wonderful sense of fellowship, a kindly attitude. They are not obsessed with sex, they refer to each other as "people". They speak to anyone, not in the jeering insulting manner of the leather-jackets and scooter-boys—these are not adrift in Glastonbury—but simply because they want to like people.

It would be found on investigation that they were souls with the minimum cognizance of the ways and habits of Pisces.

I wondered, who will be sitting up here on Midsummer Eve five hundred years hence?

Probably no-one. Perhaps the Tor will be a helicopter park—there will be plenty of heedless Aquarians dashing about in jets, without one appreciative downward glance at their Jerusalem-in-England. By then, Glastonbury will have served its purpose as a stepping-stone. But that does not matter. Its glories will always be there, inscribed on the great Akashic Records of time, for anyone to peruse who is sufficiently interested.

All that matters is that man, by these stepping-stones, finds his way back to reality, through illusion, senselessness, wrong values, inflation, superfluity, fear, greed, exploitation, obtuseness, apathy, chains of wasted lifetimes.

When he gets there, he will turn in amazement at the incredible length of the journey, the heavy weather he made of it; he will curse himself for a fool as the simplicity of the feat stares him in the face, as the truth is borne in upon him that he could have conquered it in half the time!

But all that lies in the future, and on this night of 1973, Glastonbury still has its vital role to play out, as a bridge between Pisces and Aquarius. For Glastonbury is a holy place, still keeping faith as the custodian of the eternal verities, for a generation which begins to reach out for them again.

To demonstrate its individual role, a pageant had been staged at midnight, commemerating Avalon, flood-lit and televised, in the valley below.

We scrambled down the opposite side of the hill to watch it.

Then it was 2 a.m., that rather worse than witching hour, when vitality is at lowest ebb, and one wonders what possessed one to leave a warm bed for this Midsummer madness.

A heavy dew seeped into my clothes; the Arthurian mist swirled into the valleys, so that there appeared to be a moat round "the island valley of Avilion", and the hippies began to descend the hill in a steady stream towards the town. I ventured to intercept one, to enquire where they were going.

"To the squat," he replied, "to crash out."

This, I discovered, meant that they were repairing to a disused cowshed, the only place from which they were not estracised by the town, to sleep.

"Can anyone go?" I asked tentatively—by now I was more than uncomfortably cold, and it would be lonely on the Tor for another seven hours.

"Anyone," he conceded grandiloquently, waving an arm to embrace the universe, but adding as an afterthought, "except aldermen and town councillors."

The likelihood of these august persons vying with one another for accommodation in the decrepid outbuilding seemed remote—I had clean forgotton that a floor could be so hard. Yet I was awed; there was no reason why I should be allowed to share their cowshed any more than anyone else. I am eternally grateful to them. They lent me their blankets, they moved up good-naturedly to make room for me—we lay compressed in serried ranks like sardines—and altogether evinced an unquestioning friendliness and goodwill hard to come by in "nice" people. The trouble with nice people is, they can sometimes be so nasty.

There was no irritability, no ill-humour; a mild and muffled, "Don't tread on me, man," was the sole protest voiced; every contingency was accorded the same casual reception.

The amount of crashing out that I did that night is not worth recording; but as I lay awake with someone's feet sticking into my neck, I mused how, if Jesus came back to his Glastonbury now, he would be relegated to the top of the Tor with the hippies, not entertained in one of those exclusive bed-and-breakfast places; and, once again, he would finish out the night in a cowshed.

Ironic. But also significant that, spanning two thousand years, it should be Glastonbury that should usher in Christendom for England, hold it in trust and preserve its light through the long murky night of the Dark Ages, then revive it in its wider context for Aquarius.

For these outcast young people, motionless in their upright positions on the Tor, are gazing out into Aquarius, and represent, with their inbuilt wisdom, the "Second Coming", when, for the first time in two thousand years, Christ's teachings are to find their true interpretation.

Christ will not return as a man. He will not need to. In spirit he is already returning. There is still "No Room at the Inn", but, in another half-century, the new age will have dawned, and a society will be arising which will not find it necessary to display on its doors, "No hawkers, No circulars, No hippies...."

Staggering rather than walking, I emerged from the terrible cobblestones of the cowshed into a fresh dawn, and, by constraint a veritable pilgrim, subsisted for breakfast upon a crust of stale brownish bread and a draught of water from Joseph's well in the Chalice garden.

Somewhere near that lovely refreshing well, Joseph concealed the two cruets he had brought with him from the Holy Land, containing the blood of Christ, which had remained, so the ancient writings solemnly aver, miraculously uncorrupted during all his long voyagings.

And people have been searching for the Holy Grail ever since. King Arthur's knights scoured the countryside for it, quarrelled over it, slew dragons for it, convened urgent Round Table Conferences about it, all to no purpose. They never found it. No one ever will.

Even if they did, what would it be, in its physical form, but a mouldering relic like all the rest? a fragment of decayed wood with perhaps a bit of dried blood clinging to it, for tourists to peer at through a glass case? Such grisly relics were for Pisces, not commending themselves to the analytical Aquarian mind.

No, they will find it in its wider connotation. It is God's Wisdom for Everyman; it is the Second Coming; it is a moving star over Glastonbury Tor; it is on its way, and, as before, it will be born in a cowshed.

Chapter X

ARGUING ABOUT THE INARGUABLE

"How shall men learn to swim who never more
Than wet their toes along a wave-lapped shore?
How shall men learn to dive, and dive aright,
Till they find water deeper than their height?

How shall men hope to find who never seek,
Nor breathless climb to reach the mountain peak?

How shall men see beyond an earthly goal
Who use not eyes as windows of the soul?"

Norman Gregor.

People today are seeking the truth about themselves as never before, and about their environment. Truth and goodness cannot be legislated or taught; These have to be awakened and drawn forth by presentation to the human soul in a manner which it can recognise. We do not need a "religious revival"– we have had enough of those! What we need is a spiritual awakening.

Before we can discern the spiritual truths behind our lives, we have to decide *what we really are.* This is where modern man is all at sea. For him, the door has been opened to doubt and argument, and all he can do is argue.

Are we animals which have discarded their tails?

Or is our inner consciousness a part of God, with all it implies–evidence that we are spirit as well as matter?

Were we deliberately created, or are we the result of some Cosmic accident?

Have we a destination, or do we just peter out?

Modern man will get nowhere unless or until he can make that vital decision about his origin, nature, and destination. And he cannot make the decision until he has gone into the silence and listened to his inner voice, which alone can tell him the truth. And he allows himself no time for that—life is for living and making money, and silence is the one thing he hates and fears above everything. So, he must again fall back upon his stock-in-trade,—argument.

His body, he knows, is evolutionary. But if he has a soul, this must be of a different quality-source.

An intelligent modern man has to admit that if there is a God, and that God looks upon the world today, He (It) cannot see it as good. Not by any stretch of imagination. Its children are still slaves. Poets used to—not so much now—rhapsodise over the countryside, rich with beauty, but disregarded the internecine warfare unceasingly raging beneath that lovely exterior as Nature preys upon herself. *Are* we a fallen race? he must ask himself. Surely we are living in a fallen world—a denial of any God's love and prescience? Has humanity evolved out of chaos? Or has it fallen from high estate? The Adam and Eve story, he supposes, must have been circulated to impress the ancients with the, to them, only way of explaining eternal truths to those who had fallen out of Eternity into "time", ignorant of their condition, primitive in their understanding. How could they comprehend the meaning of eternal life, wiped from their race-memory, when thinkers today are not even equipped to expound its meaning? We humans are prisoners of time and space; and modern man, while he can grasp a lecture on technical aspects of atomic energy, is hopelessly lost when it comes to his own being, its origins and its destiny. And this despite the exhortations of Plato,—"Man, know Thyself!", and "The Proper Study of Mankind is Man", the teachings of eastern mystics, and the parables of the founder of Christianity.

In the light of what he knows about primitive humanity and its evolution, it ought to be clear to modern man that the Fall must have taken place long before the earth was created as we understand it, when man was a spiritual being. He finds it difficult, understandably, to accept a God omnipotent and emniscient which dragged man up from the dust of the earth through suffering and frustration, opposed to Nature, "red in tooth and claw", just as a ghastly experiment.

God cannot experiment, for It is not subject to time and space as modern man is in his mental outlook and the restriction of his tyrannical concrete brain–described by Madame Blavatsky as "the Slayer of the Real". Besides, that would be sadism.

Another mistake of modern man is that he identifies himself too much with the physical body. *Thought* is so much more. For all is thought in reality. He is also up against the problem of evil and sin–two great illusions or negatives, resulting from the Fall, which have inhibited man ever since. They are a heritage of the humanity of which we form a part; thus it is unavailing to disclaim our share in personal responsibility. Our "belonging" is also our way of release, for we have no separate existence. It is essential to distinguish between collective "sin" and individual "sin". Evil and sin are no more than a shadow in the sunlight; they are monstrous balloons which men have come to believe in and permitted to dominate their lives. But balloons can be pricked.

The definition of "sin" is ignorance. Just as the definition of love is wisdom. It is derived from a Greek term used in archery, meaning to miss the target. Thus it means "not to know", to be in a state of ignorance. And ignorance is the only sin in the calendar.

So, modern man continues to argue, dispute and conjecture, bat-and-ball, to and fro, exercising his ego at his opponent's expense, as in the political arena, and the more he argues and grows heated, the further away he drives the truth, as a child trying to recover a toy boat which the wind has drifted from the shore, only drives it further away by throwing stones at it. The truth can only fourish in peace and gentleness.

* * * * * * * *

We are still dishonest. We argue incessantly over things which are not a matter of opinion, but God's laws.

At any time of the day or night, in turning on the machines provided for our entertainment, we hear disembodied voices,—mostly male, still—fruitlessly discussing the questions of space-exploration, fox-hunting, politics. There is no question of fox-hunting. Cruelty to and neglect of animals is *wrong*. They are our younger brothers and we are responsible for their evolution, and accordingly their welfare. They learn from us, in order that in their turn they may become the leaders of the oncoming human Experiencing Unit.

We *ought* to look after animals properly—if we do not, we are braking the Cosmic Law; and we ought *not* to be on the moon. If we but had the modicum of patience required to wait till we could quit the physical vehicle, and the spiritual understanding to know that this will confer the necessary freedom, we can go to the moon as often as we like, without let or stay—we do not need to anticipate this event by an unethical appropriation of world funds which *ought* to be put to more useful ends, and the construction of clumsy rockets and physical contraptions to convey to other planets men in boxes who should be employing themselves more usefully on their own neglected planet. Our place is *not* the moon—it was once and we made a shambles of it; it certainly is not now. It is the dead core of Maldek and will bring us no blessing.

Let us first clean out our own stable. In any case, we have *not* landed on the moon—we have carried our own empire with us, in a box. Let the occupants step out of that box, and see what would happen to them!

As for "politics," as we are pleased to call them,—nothing can be politically right that is morally wrong. And present-day politics, based on money-values alone, are morally wrong.

We ought *not* to do harm to animals, but, since we do, we *ought* to have a properly equipped R.S.P.C.A., until we can honestly say we need one no longer—empowered by the Government to investigate cases of negative neglect of animals as well as the positive, flagrantly outstanding ones, which are all they can afford to investigate now. Minor cruelties are legion—dogs shut up in houses all day because their silly owners are all "out to work"—as if they had not enough money already to manage on! the starving millions of India would consider their condition the apex of luxury! Cats thrust out in all weathers for long hours, waiting for their selfish owners to come home from work; horses exported, pigeons packed in crates, factory farming, Christmas mass-murder....

The R.S.P.C.A. has minimal funds. The International Basketball Federation (save the mark!) enjoys unbelievable affluence. Male legislation for too long. Far too long!

If we had more women in our governments—these for the most part now embody the male principle, the executive one which confers capability—we should be more likely to have a decent R.S.P.C.A. and less likely to flaunt an "International Basket ball Federation" for idiots to "pass" the valuable, nay precious and vital, time allocated to them by an All-Wise Logos.

We might see a wiser administration on our planet, not a flight of retarded schoolboys prancing on the moon. Absurd, even degrading spectacle,—within the spere of the earth-conditions. Man has no more gone to the moon than has the tycoon who has travelled all over the world and only seen the inside of the hotels he has stayed in and the fast plane he has travelled in.

Not matters of opinion. So many people are angry. No wonder. Our personal opinions are irrelevant. Our task now is to acquire the new Cosmic consciousness—to rise above the "personality" level and attain to the soul-level. It is not a *new* consciousness, but very old. The Atlanteans possessed it. But we can, and presently will, enjoy an advantage over the Atlanteans, in that we have "proved" it, scientifically and by trial and error.

But our trouble is that we take too long proving it. We do not wake up. We remain dishonest, hypocritical, we shrink from facing facts, from becoming the realists we should by now be. We betray our own innermost convictions. We are an improvement on the Victorians, but we still do not come out into the open in every way. Why do not prostitutes pay income tax? Because theirs is not a "recognised" profession. It should be. Not only recognised, but respected and accorded a proper status. While our sick society is as it is, while our dreary marriage arrangements are as they are, this profession is as much needed as are solicitors– the two professions might well become obsolete together. It is a profession which makes a lot of money–why then should it not contribute its share to governments which seem to be so desperate for revenue that they will turn anywhere (else)?

Even the many who profess to be bored with Christmas do not exert themselves to have it discontinued. Basically we are sick of it–the old hat stuff, the caterwauling of carols, whose meaning has been lost, the plastic rubbish and the empty salutations, the inflation and expenditure and the load of wast-paper comprising "Christmas Cards". We know it is wrong for the west to be stuffing while the east is starving, that our pleasure should not be taken at the expense of our younger brothers, that men should not be up all night cutting the throats of chickens hanging in rows. We know all this. Some of us demonstrate about it; little is done to change it.

Simple matters of honesty and integrity, which we lack. Here we could learn much from Atlantis, whose law was a moral one pure and simple, and money non-existent. We could do with a few Joshuas in this department!

The difference betwen ourselves and the ancients was that they knew what they were doing. Everything they were instructed to do, made sense. The Atlanteans were not allowed to use the element fire at all. It was entirely at the discretion of the fire-wardens that they used minute quantities of it for culinary purposes. Bonfires were prescribed. But that was because in burning dead leaves they would be returning them to the wrong element. Thus the people gladly accepted their restrictions and the edicts of the wise individuals set over them.

Our trouble is, that the individuals set over us are not wise. Far from it. Clever they may be, but that does not help at all. And thus, all that modern man can do is argue. Incessantly and insensately. Argue, acrimoniously and with ill-informed prejudice, about the silly, petty issues of his day, forever trying to solve his problems at the level of those problems. They can never be thus solved, but only at higher levels. Controversy, bat-and-ball, undignified "mickey-taking", is all he understands. And even that he cannot conduct artistically. But this sort of schoolboy nonsense is the order of the day. Argument never accomplished anything, never convinced anyone. It serves but to irritate and annoy, to obscure the issue and engender friction, of which, God knows, there is enough rasping against the planet already. They even argue about the fourth root race, the one before their own! "Atlantis never existed," they declare. "Prove it!", "There are no records"....!

That is all they can think of–records! Concrete facts, written down in black and white, for physical eyes, that even they can read. What they overlook is that the ancient races were wholly psychic, and in communication all the while one generation with the next, in Kama Liki and in the sleep-state, as normally and naturally as night follows day. They needed no "records". Scientists, who understand only the transient, fleeting fashion of technology, cannot see or speak to the guides, who provide us with all the records we need. God help them, how they need their glasses changed!

When it comes to records, and clamourings for "proof", the very last person to be consulted is modern man–

When you have spoken with an Atlantean guide, you do not defer to a politician, a scientist, a television interviewer!

Chapter XI

GOD'S FROZEN PEOPLE

At school we used to misquote the Bible–"Many are cold, but few are frozen..."

It would seem to sum up our state of being. We are in limbo. We are like people drunk, or lost, or in a hopeless muddle; not knowing whether we are Piscean or Aquarian; far from the truth, far from home...groping.

Deep down within ourselves we know there is something else, other than this, elsewhere. Something we are virtually ready for but haven't got.

What is it? The new consciousness, the new way of doing things, looking at things, the sweeping away of the dregs of Pisces, the dawning of the Aquarian awareness, the re-inheriting of a greater sensitivity. What stands in the way of our getting it?

Apathy. Were it not for the fact that two-thirds of us are fast asleep, we should be storming the Vatican, just as they stormed the Bastille in the French Revolution, demanding the release of those old documents which tell us that Christ taught reincarnation with every breath he drew,–these truths, which it is the birthright of every man to receive. The mass-media, the television, that marvellous potential for education, would cease disseminating rubbish to keep the consumer society as it is, and would promulgate esoteric reality.

When the penny does drop, they will indeed storm the Vatican. And not only the Vatican! It will be like a gold-rush! So vitally do these neglected, buried Cosmic truths affect every human soul on the planet today.

But the penny hasn't dropped. The people are still bogged down by illusion, superstition, brain-washing, materialism. They think in patterns, in tiny sections of time, spanning only their own infinitesimal lifetime. They do not even trouble to arrive at the truth of reincarnation, the most elementary of the eternal verities, which tells them that they are responsible for their own evolution and should not let themselves be influenced by brain-washing.

Especially the one-sided brain-washing we have been subjected to throughout Pisces, mainly male brain-washing for selfish ends. Even today, among the sleepier citizens, one meets with hopelessly brain-washed attitudes; everything must wear a label; everything must be pigeon-holed in some sort of category, as an "ist" or and "ism" of some kind. Mention to these the need for a balanced legislation for our planet, and you will instantly meet with the unthinking and automatic reaction, "Oh, you're a feminist!"

What, in the name of God, is a masculist?

* * * * * * * *

Sometimes we hear it said, "It's a man' world".

It that were so, then the males should collectively hide their heads in shame and horror at the chaos their kind have perpetrated, and hand over forthwith lock, stock and barrel, to the females.

But it will not work out that way. Women will show more largesse of spirit than to wish to tip the scale violently in the opposite direction, thereby disrupting the karnic balance yet again. What we must have now is a balanced system of government with the male and female monadic aspects properly represented and work allocated according to suitability and not to so-called "sex", which is a figure of speech and an illusion.

As the Aquarian Age comes in, the intuitive faculty will be called for, and this will make itself manifest in male and female alike. For the truth we have to master is that of the polarities, now ensouled, for the most part, male in the female embodiment and vice versa, the planet being now so orientated as to render the arrangement more suitable. The use of mere muscle is outmoded now, hence the rather helpless dangling of male hands or the universal stuffing of them into the pockets of jeans. This is a symbol of our time, the falling into disuse of the one faculty which allowed the males of earlier days to boast that mythical "superiority"! Much one-time muscle work is now done by computer. The males, at present, have nothing to put in its place, for they are much behind in their spiritual development or attainment, and will need quickly to pull their socks up in this respect if they do not want to be left far behind.

No use women coming in at the kill, to try to clear up the mess men have make. There are a few hardy souls who have covenants to do so; but, by and large, you cannot put new wine in old bottles. It is better, now, when there is only half a century to go to the new age, to let men finish off what they started years ago on the basis of a theft. No point in introducing women into politics or the church—what a thankless, invidious undertaking that would be? Why should they undertake it? Rather like being handed a piece of tailoring which an inferior workman had made up, and asked to unpick the irregular stiches and put it right. That is not the answer. The church is on its way out. Let the men see it out; they appropriated it as their baby, let them sound its obsequies. Similarly with power politcs.

No, the society needs changing, from the feet upwards. It requires a ruthless re-appraisal, in the light of the new spiritual discoveries of the Aquarian Age. There will be plenty for women to do. And the uplifting factor is that they will make a better job of the leadership for the very simple reason that they could not possibly make a worse job!

Those few valiant female Joshuas who have unselfishly offered themselves to come in at the tail-end of Pisces to help clear up the mess made by "men" (female principles with scarcely any exceptions), may take heart of grace, for they are at long last redressing their grievances in industry. No need for "Women's Lib."—that is locking the stable door after the horse has gone. The suffragettes did all that was necessary.

Then, there was need for nobility, they had it, in full measure. There is no further place for it. Just as the miner's strike in the twenties was necessary and justified—today's strikers have no righteous cause. No soul is involved when the clamour is merely for money.

We are witnessing the crumbling of a falsely-based, falsely seized, patriarchal system, a failed world order. This book is written for those enduring the last throes of Pisces and those young enough to anticipate Aquarius. We are heading for another incomplete picture, another failure in the cosmic sense, for all is failure on the earth-plane. But each time we fall, we rise a little higher, each time we fail, a greater number of souls assimilate the vital lesson, i.e. that earth-life as such is not the object of the exercise. They learn it not only in theory—for that is of no practical use—they learn it in practice. But they do not learn it until they are made thoroughly uncomfortable. Otherwise, in easy or congenial conditions they do not learn it. Thus each time we seem to fail, we come nearer our cosmic destination—physical annihilation, personal liquidation, spiritual fulfilment.

* * * * * * * *

Democracy, said Karl Marx, is the government of fools by fools for fools. That at least is what he would have said if he could see it in operation today. He can, of course. Let us hope the spectacle will prompt him next time to return with a brighter suggestion.

The reason democracy doesn't work is the same reason that nothing else works either; because people worship money instead of God.

There would be no need for strikers to be on strike if they trusted in Providence as they have been advised to do ever since the dawn of time. If you are content with just your needs, you get them. It is as simple as that. It works. It is the cosmic law. But no, they *must* have;-

Washing machine, refrigerator, fitted carpet, vacuum cleaner, telephone, television, two cars if possible, every conceivable gadget to do the work they would be doing if they did not go out to work in order to pay for the gadgets to which they have become slaves, so that they have no alternative but to go out to work! And a lot of the milk of human kindness turns to ice cream in the refrigerator and goes down the drain with the bath-water. We have the Welfare State instead of human responsibility. We have the basic urge toward kindness–there is still more kindness about than unkindness–but it is frozen–we have lost touch with each other. A sort of embarassed kindness is our substitute for love.

Kindness, yes. Christmas, with all its dreariness, does furnish the opportunity for it. But we should no longer be so inarticulate as to have to express ourselves in plastic. Better to abolish the "festive season" and have Christmas all the year round.

Largesse today is just an automatic hand-out. The gentler human virtues of gratitude on the part of recipients, or self sacrifice on the part of the distributors do not enter in at all. Instead a truculent "We've-paid-for-it-we're-entitled-to-it-we-have-a-right-to-it" attitude brings a sourness and a downess to contemporary life. Actually, we have no "rights" and are not entitled to anything. Even our finger-nails are borrowed from the sun and return to the common astral cloakroom.

It seems pointless to keep us alive by medical science and the above-mentioned hand-outs, because these keep us alive merely at the physical level–no-one cares about us or whether we are alive or dead. That is because in our world we place all the weight and emphasis on the physical dimension. The "other side" of course, may regard this as an advantage, in that it confers the maximum chance for learning something while still in the physical vehicle, and a saving of "time" in Kama Loki.

We ought to be so very different. Man is a godlike creature. God in the making. Man the micro-cosm, God the macro-cosm. We were made in the image and likeness of Pure Spirit. We were given control over the elements. Battling alone under our umbrellas, we might well wonder why the elements are so angry, as they so often are in these western latitudes. They are working against us, because we have forgotton how to work with them. Christ could walk on the water; we ought to be able to do the same; we should be able to levitate, to materialise and de-materialise, and do all the things we have erroneously come to regard as "miracles". It is all simple. We make it all complicated. Christ told us that we should do greater things than those he did. When are we going to do them?

We ought to be further on, spiritually, than we are, by at least half a century. Rudolf Steiner observed that a leap forward should have been taken collectively by humanity during the earlier years of this century; but the two world wars halted the pace. We are not catching up as quickly as we should be if our planet is to be tided safely over from Pisces to Aquarius. It is our task to bridge that tremendous gulf. If we go on precisely as we are, we are not going to be able to do it.

Today we are all Joshuas. We have no leaders. We have to do the job ourselves. Once people generally become aware that they are each and individually responsible for their own evolution, the system will change. We shall need no politics. Already there are signs and portents. Many people, disillusioned with power politics, are witholding their vote, at present their only redress or means of demonstrating their disapproval. We live in a world of changing values, we hear people say. What values? We have had no true or real values since the inception of the Kali Yuga. It is deeper than that.

We are witnessing a profound and basic change. There is no turning back. Yet still not enough people in the west are exerting themselves to co-operate with the process. Some are positively resisting it. Apathy is the chief enemy.

A lady said on the radio some time ago, "All those people who say they don't like Christmas should be sent to a desert island, and leave us to enjoy it."

It would not be a desert island any longer; it would be densely populated; for a part of everyone is now ready for that more mature way of celebrating the advent of the Cosmic consciousness. Ridiculous therefore that unresistingly they go on with the same old silliness and triviality. Ridiculous, even, that the kids go on playing with their surfeit of plastic rubbish. Even the kids ought to have outgrown it. Actually, they have; but, like their elders, they do not "know" they have, and are too lazy and apathetic to protest against it.

Why stay in the kindergarten when one could be in the Sixth Form? Apathy. The most cogent enemy to modern man's upward progress.

Some young people affirm categorically that there can be no spiritual progress until the two current generations are swept away. A ruthless estimate, but all too correct. Surely we ought to be mature enough now to realise that this personalising of Jesus the man, should cease as obsolete? We must learn to rise above the personality level—it may be difficult for the two generations mentioned, but after that, unless they do so, this planet is either doomed as a spiritual entity, or will take its initiation in spite of us—either eventuality would be disastrous.

Apathy. The church ought to be out on its ear. The mere mention of its name engenders in most people a shrug of the shoulders or a pitying smile. But how many of these translate their attitude into concrete terms and write a letter to the television asking why the church still has such a stranglehold? If there were anything wrong with their capital, they would very quickly bombard the bank demanding an interview with the manager. But when it comes to their spiritual solvency, they are perfectly complacent about leaving this in the hands of administrators who, in their estimation, are worthy only a pitying smile or a shrug of the shoulders.

They are too busy competing in the Rat-Race. They are all arguing and abusing each other like a lot of schoolchildren, our male strikers and our male governments; the strikers accusing the employers, the government calling the strikers greedy.

No one is any more to blame than anyone else: the strikers are as greedy as the employers, the employers are greedy as the government. And as silly. They have all got their values wrong. They are all worshipping the god Money instead of applying to their Source. They are all wasting their substance–*not* on riotous living, there might be some joy in that!–but drearily, by literally putting it in the dustbin. That is the keynote of the affluent society–a total lack of respect or veneration for the work that makes the material, absence of regard for human effort. Just waste. Sheer feckless carelessness and abandonment. Nothing is valued unless it costs a lot of money. If people used what they had, instead of constantly throwing it away and buying more, the Consumer Society would collapse and we should be able to live again. We could earn what we have and have what we earn.

But it seems to take a war to bring out the common decency in us. Failing a war with a "different" nation, we must needs inaugurate a "cold war" on each other–God's frozen people indeed!

We do not seem to need each other any more. Anyone can manage by himself; another taste of the Pale Horse! Men don't need women, women don't need men. Women can earn their living, men can manipulate a tin-opener. The family system–thankfully–is breaking up, but the new Aquarian communal way of life has not yet established itself. It is so dreary, so soul-less, so joyless, in our affluent society; and democracy is a symphony in "F", all on one note–Fools, fools, fools...!

Chapter XII

LEARNING FROM ANIMALS

The person who said, "The more I see of people, the better I like my dog," will be pounced upon as a cynic.

Cynic he may be, but whether consciously or unconsciously, he is also in possession of a profound esoteric truth.

Animals have the potential of being wiser than today's people, for they are to form the human Experiencing Unit of the Jupiter incarnation of our planet, which must, of course, produce a more progressed humanity.

In fact at this stage it is more evolutionary to look after animals than babies. The young animal is more intelligent, wiser, less silly, less fatuous, than the corresponding human infant. This is because these animals which live in close communication with us are to constitute the leaders of the next humanity, that of Jupiter. And these animals, which at present we are helping or hounding, as the case may be, will be born in the human state with an inbuilt wisdom culled from their experiences among us in the earth incarnation of the planet, which knowledge or wisdom will stand them in good stead in their responsible capacities in Jupiter.

Their present potential for wisdom is greater than ours, because *we have lost that which we had.* In our search after the material, we have forfeited the spiritual, placed ourselves in peril of forfeiting our souls; not so with the animals—their souls are in their eyes. Thus, while they are ahead of us in this respect, there are so many things we can "do" that they cannot do, that they look up to us and think that we are gods. The frustration they experience is enormous—a cat knows how to open a door, and scratches or taps the door handle with its paw, but in the final analysis it must wait till one of us comes on the scene before it can gain admittance. Sometimes it has to wait for many hours, because we are "out to work", or at Bingo, or have even gone away for a holiday. Dogs can do everything except speak. Then we aver "he is 'almost' human." It is patent that they are longing to speak, indeed positively pleading for release. Release from the state of being a dog. But when they gain that release, they will not be the sorts of human beings that we are. Our example will show them what *not* to do! Then in their greater wisdom in the Jupiter cycle they will be able to avoid the crass and terrible blunders that we are making.

Hence their intense, excited careful study of us. Hence their sacrifice in throwing in their lot with us, despite our continual betrayal of them. They associate with us, in a domestic sense, or in offering themselves as victims of our bestialities, stupidities and cruelties, stags and foxes here, bulls in Spain, seals facts and farms furred creatures made into coats, circus performers...the list is long, but happily not so long as it would have been in mediaeval times, when it would have had to include horses in battle, cats burnt inside staked effiges, bears baited in the market-place...all these ameliorations the animal kingdom notes and takes stock of.

These animals choose their lot, on the fringe of their group-consciousness and under the aegis of their group over-soul, often their invidious fate at our hands, in order to acquire the advantages above-mentioned, and thus serve their fellows who are further back along the road; and partly in order to get all their suffering over while at the animal stage, so that they may be free from this impediment and delaying factor when they are called upon to direct the planet, not at the sluggish, blundering pace at which we are directing it, but much more in accordance with the insistent and urgent demands of Evolution.

The present humanity, collectively, has but the haziest notion of these demands, or indeed that there can possibly exist such a tiresome thing as Evolution. The vast majority, still, are content to do nothing, all their lives. That is not to say that they do not "go out to work". They do. They rush about madly, "working" every hour God made, they make themselves ill in this frenzied activity, many of them amass a great deal of money by its means. They consider themselves highly conscientious. They only "rest" at Christmas, when they celebrate that dreary event by a wholesale slaughter of the younger brothers whose care was their responsibility from the very inception of the current incarnation of their planet. After Christmas, they once again shut up their dogs in the house all day, their cats out in all weathers, because they simply cannot wait to get back to "work". These are only cases of negative cruelty, no-one is expected to do anything about these; the R.S.P.C.A. has only sufficient voluntary contributions and donations, not to mention "staff", of which it has only the proverbial "skeleton", to investigate the most flagrant cases of positive cruelty and not always those. The Government is much too busy subsidising the Basketball Federation or probing into the private lives of such of its members who associate with ladies who do not pay Income Tax.

Lonely old people own dogs and cats because their own kind have failed them and the small animals offer qualities of love and loyalty not common among human beings. Small blame to them; usually they treat their pets with the utmost kindness. No withstanding, their life is a sort of death, because the old folk cannot give them the exercise they need; others, who are not old but just plain lazy and get in the car to post a letter, do not provide them with it either. So we have a situation where thousands–not a few–of splendid muscular Alsations who ought to be ranging the downs for hours, are restricted to a slow walk round the block–it must be torture. Little young and excitable dogs, in process of acquiring their astrality, and full of exuberant curiosity, have to be content with just crossing the nearest park or green patch once a day, which is all their owners are capable of doing–and not even that when their owners are ill, a not uncommon occurrence, or if it rains, another common occurrence.

This is all because people are in bad condition. Animals, before they throw in their lot with us, are in good condition. Health-wise, the animal can teach us everything; particularly in the west; probably in the east as well, those that are not starved to death; the populace is just as sluggish there, in a different way, sitting around on the ground all day, while we sit folded up in cars tearing insanely from "work" to the pub, the cinema, the Bingo hall and back to the telly. Where's the difference?

It brings us, shamefully, to evil experiments perpetrated on animals.

How dare we deliberately inflict upon a sensible animal an illness it would not otherwise contract or anywhere include in its agenda, its wisdom being so much greater than ours, its karma so much less? How dare we convey to it the vile products of our own senseless and evil-living, in order to free ourselves of merited retribution? If we stopped to think, or rather if our thinking apparatus were not so impaired and stultified, we would not dare to do it. We should know what deadly karma we were bringing upon ourselves. But then, those who perpetrate these atrocities, like those who negatively refrain from protesting against them, do not even know about reincarnation–how therefore can they be warned about karma? Yet wasn't it some old Roman judge who lugubriously pronounced, "Ignorantia Legis Excusat Neminem."

* * * * * * * *

Not surprising that disillusioned people are sometimes seen to turn their backs on humanity and take up farming or open a dog's beauty parlour, or go to Ireland to look after pigs, or even cut off their hopeful families with a shilling and leave all their substance to a cats home.

More power to their elbows! Animals need Joshuas too. At present the results of such efforts are more progressive, more rewarding, more promising. The animals move on a quicker vibration than we do.

Animals evolve naturally, because they are under devic supervision. Natural selection precludes their over-populating. People can only evolve when they consciously want to find out what is Evolution's aim for them. Unless they apply themselves to this study, they cannot co-operate with Evolution, but can only inch along, blindly, in a haphazard way, and then, if by chance they do happen to achieve something progressive, well and good, but it is "hit or miss", more by luck than judgment.

To try to help human beings at this stage is uphill work. Indeed, to be incarnated at all at this particular period of history is like struggling inside a vast suet pudding. Apart from "business", most of our occupations and vocations are of a purely negative nature, seeking to redress evils and anomalies which in a decent society could not exist—the social services, doctors, lawyers, police,—all would be redundant if we knew how to live. "Scientific research", about which so much—often pompous—nonsense is talked, would be superfluous in a properly psychic and spiritual society, for it only seeks to "discover" that which we ought already to know, which clairvoyants have always known. All that male-sponsored scientific research does is to confirm, at long last and the hard way, *how right they were,* the prophets and psychics, so many of them women, who in times past were hounded to death and laughed to scorn. Madame Blavatsky told them, a hundred years ago, precisely what the moon was made of. What more have they found out? How much public money could have been spared!

Animals know how to live. It is only when they mix with us that they become contaminated; it is we who impose upon their cleanliness and innocence our depravity and corruption. We can learn so much from them. Notice the cat. It knows how to relax. We do not. It conserves its energy for essentials; then it meditates and is at peace. Peace and people do not exist together.

To work with people, at the pace they are going at present, one needs to be equipped with infinite patience—the thought of their going on and on, generation after generation, not learning any of the things they came to learn and not wanting to, causes the mind of the social worker and spiritual teacher to boggle. But it isn't only the poor and under-privileged who need social workers. Some of the poor and under-privileged have learnt in the hard school of life more wisdom than some of the social workers themselves. I once knew a burglar.

He would spend the whole of a Bank Holiday and sometimes a working day sitting in a top window just watching the people. If it were the former, there would be the usual desperate bid for enjoyment, albeit in the inevitable pouring rain especially reserved by the elements for that day; if the latter, it would be the keyed-up frenzy to get hold of money. He would note the furrowed brows, the set faces, the tight lips, and he would marvel, "What're they doin' it for? I've been sittin' 'ere all day, watchin' 'em. Just watchin' 'em,–*knockin' 'emselves aht!*"

WITH LOVE TO
HINDU EDUCATION SOCIETY KASHMIR
FROM :
DR. N.L. ZUTSHI, Mumbai

Chapter XIII

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD

He would not see them doing that in India. It is too hot; and they are more likely to be sitting about hoping for something edible to happen along or if they are of the rich classes, just sitting around with perhaps the ladies, as a concession to muscular oscillation, changing their sari three times a day.

But he would find them doing equally stupid and meaningless things. He might, for instance, observe a little, rabbity Indian, with protruding teeth and spectacles, walking along and cutting a ridiculous figure, with this wife, a fine upstanding woman with, obviously, more intelligence in her little finger than he in his whole body, walking five paces behind him!

Could any spectacle, even in the west, exceed this in absurdity? If it be the mark of a "second-class citizen", where–in the name of God–are we to look for the first class ones?!

The orientals have nothing on us when it comes to consummate muddles and being hopelessly wrong. This peurile survival stems from the initial phases of the Kali Yuga, from man's ever-encroaching materialism, ever-diminishing spiritual understanding; the mistake owed origin to his capacity for reducing the spiritual to the physical, and emphasising the physical attributes alone. The male monad, or permanent atom, or polarity, is somewhat larger in extent, relative to the time-space continuum, than is the female. Consequently this became confused with the physical shell, and extended to the "personality" or reincarnating ego, this being the petty ego we are all called upon to lose. Both these vehicles are illusion, and those entities occupying female bodies, irrespective of their monadic content, were relegated in the decadent societies then arising and still in some locations lingering, to the position of "second-class citizen".

Since the sixteenth century A.D., it has been almost invariable that the male monad finds ensoulment in the female body and vice versa, the world being now so orientated as to render the arrangement more suitable. Yet the superficial habit, based on a sordid theft on the part of those possessing strong muscles from those possessing weak ones, persists. The amazing factor is, people's long-suffering nature and their capacity for putting up with insulting and invidious treatment. Or is purely our old friend Apathy? Whichever it is, whether for east, for west, the cardinal rule is that we have things inflicted on us *for precisely as long as we are prepared to put up with them;* no more, no less.

So once again, in the case of these apathetic eastern ladies, it is a question of how long before the penny (in their case paise) drops. It is not a question of "how can they tolerate it?", but of "how *dare* they tolerate it?" For these Indian women, condoning a pernicious farce, based upon a prostitution and misinterpretation of a spiritual truth, are repudiating God, in that they are failing to employ their God-given faculties. It is women who must lead in the restoration of the gravely disrupted karmic balance and of spiritual understanding. The blind, unthinking acceptance of a peasant mentality must be replaced by educated reasoning. Hitherto they have permitted the entities resident in the male embodiment to have everything their own way, to grow selfish, conceited, acquisitive and complacent, a condition which not only feeds the petty temporary ego, but leads to the terrifying imbalance and chaos everywhere now prevailing. Thereby they are rendering an immense disservice to the male-embodied spirits committed to their care. The world of matter is the lowest place of manifestation in the whole cycle of life. It is formed of the outer ripples that radiate from the centre, which is God; by the time these have reached matter, they retain scarcely a modicum of spirituality.

It is also the place of most importance to the evolving entity, because matter is dense, ignorance has such an objective existence, and achievements are so difficult to attain, the light so difficult to see. These women by holding so casual an attitude to a basic falsehood are holding up evolution.

Mrs. Gandhi, probably one of the most enlightened politicians of our time, has exhorted her countrymen to transfer the emphasis from this low personal and physical level, to cease to think of themselves in terms of "men" and "women", and consider themselves as world citizens. Unless the women of the east are prepared to stir themselves to act on her advice, they are failing signally to play their vital part in the restoration of the karmic balance and the spiritual reorientation of their planet.

* * * * * * * *

In the words of Bahai Ullah, "The earth is one country, and mankind its citizens; the best beloved of all things is justice."

The same teacher said, "No man should follow blindly his ancestors and forefathers. Each must see with his own eyes, hear with his own ears and investigate truth. Many religions are based on blind imitations of our forebears. You are all the leaves of one tree and the fruits of one orchard." He proclaimed the one-ness of the world of humanity and submerged all mankind in the sea of divine generosity. His suggestions, offered in the latter half of the nineteenth century, seem so practical and full of common sense that if they have not with one accord been adopted by now by east and west alike, there can be no doubt that there is still something rotten in the state of Denmark, and not in Denmark alone! Here they are:-

The one-ness of mankind;
Independent investigation of truth;
The foundation of all religions is one;
Religion must be in accord with science and reason;
Equality between men and women;
Religion must be the cause of unity;

Prejudice of all kinds must be forgotten;
Universal peace;
Universal Education;
Spiritual solution of economic problems;
A universal language;
An international tribunal.

If at least a few of them qualify for a tick against them there is hope for the nations.

There still seem to be many "ists" and "isms", about, notwithstanding, in the Middle East and in fact everywhere, which cannot mean much to their devotees, for they do not cease to squabble over a bit of oil here, an acre of land somewhere else; there are Muslims and Mohammedans, Brahmins and Hindu's who still do not speak to each other or if they do, cannot do so with civility. There is Confucianism and Taoism Buddhism and Zen Buddhism, Zoroastrianism now vested in the Parsees. Just as in the physical all roads used to lead to Rome, so in the abstract all "religions" now lead to the truth and the sooner the better.

They need Joshua's to help them on. Their Joshua's are different. In the west, up till now, the Joshua's have had to be militant, but theirs are usually yogis or mahatmas, representing the pacifist persuasion. Whichever way the feat be accomplished, *it is time the walls came down,* whether they be the Walls of Jericho or of Jersey City.

Speaking of walls, the Great Wall of China was no great credit to the east. Its empire builders were just as callous and brutal as ours have been, as the Russians and Spaniards have been, as most power-driven human beings are whenever or wherever they see the chance. The Great Wall of China, like other vast projects of history, used up human lives avidly, without regard for freedom or human rights. Workers were walled up unceremoniously as soon as they collapsed either by reason of age, infirmity or sheer exhaustion, the gargantuan task was driven on as if nothing had happened. Similar atrocities were perpetrated in Russia under the Tsars. History's instances of man's inhumanity to man are legion, both east and west.

Thus, basically, there is not much difference. The problems differ; we are not starving; they are not weighed down by the alarming surfeit of plastic that we produce. Today, everything appears chaotic. Some of our rougher element comprise souls which, logically, ought to have incarnated into the "savage" tribes, but were, instead, vouchsafed one opportunity to make the grade in western conditions. They could not quite manage it, and would have been more at home in some primeval forest beating a tom-tom. This is to be observed in their negroid features. Instead, therefore, they now beat tom-toms here, some of them making up "pop-groups" for the purpose. No detriment is inferred; none can be, at any point of time; it is simply a question of a soul's decision to make a slight detour or accomplish its destiny another way round.

Others are animal souls, inhabiting human bodies for the first time. They are over-excited by them, and do not know how to manipulate them properly. Others, of course, represent cases of karma, felons who, in the eighteenth century, were executed unjustly or deported to the plantations for some peccadillo. Dying in a state of resentment, they inevitably gravitate back at a time when the laws are lax in certain quarters of the earth-plane (as here today), simply to get their own back on society. Human life long ago (and not so very long ago at that!) was totally expendable, both in east and west.

Those who were not deprived of the truth of reincarnation relax in the error that they have plenty of time. Those who were, rush about like demented rabbits, contracting duodenal ulcers and nervous breakdowns because they "believe" they have only seventy years–the "allotted" three-score years and ten–in which to accomplish everything. Madness. It is scarcely enough "time" in which to grow accustomed to being here at all!

Souls born into Biafra and India today represent those transmigrating westerners who–unthinkingly, for no-one can *think* it–expounded that arid and terrifying "belief".

Before passing over, they obstinately refused to "believe in" reincarnation, even though raternising daily with persons who knew no more at eighty than they did at eight. Accordingly, they have to undergo *just the one experience* of being born again, so that they can no longer profess to disbelieve the evidence of their own eyes when the experience is transferred to the Akasha or Etheric Wax and confronts them in startling vibrancy.

The east was victimised by black slavery—we were the perpetrators. Now we have to support the returned souls of those victims, back for redress, and it is no use our complaining or clamouring or yearning for "England for the English". There's no such thing now. "Our" country is being shared by all kinds of "alien" souls.

It is becoming increasingly clear that a fusion of east and west is vitally necessary. It is in fact taking place. Already there is an extensive "hippie trail" from England to India on the part of those who find they cannot endure conditions here. They are drifting to the east, where they hope to find a deeper meaning to existence.

In their turn, eastern peoples are coming here to study our technology. Eventually, we may look for a balanced blend of their philosophy and our activity. They at least, whatever their condition, acknowledge a spiritual dimension; we are too "thick" to discern it; unless we speedily remedy this unhappy obtuseness, we shall indeed postpone that progressive day. Unless the eastern visitors appreciate the common-sense of some of our compromises, they will do likewise. So far, their dreamy meditations have landed them in as great a predicament as our insensate rushing about has landed us. They are certainly nearer the ideal of universal brotherhood which is the goal of Aquarius, but have carried it to such extremes that even rats and mice must be cherished as brothers. They refuse to have these painlessly destroyed, and stand by, meekly starving to death while these non-reluctant brothers devour their comestibles! They venerate "sacred cows" which wander into the towns, skin and bone, chewing up newspaper from the gutters because there is no grass. These are too sacred to be destroyed, but not sacred enough, it would seem, to be fed.

We, on the other hand, are far from achieving universal brotherhood, and are engaged in a tacit civil war. Strikers do not care if old people die of cold while their demands are being reviewed; people are found dead in bed-sitting rooms; no-one seems to care. Not strictly true, of course. A great deal of official and voluntary work is being done, but it tends to get submerged in the general apathy and indifference and the horrific weight of numbers. It is still a far cry to that desirable goal scheduled to dawn in the Age of Aquarius.

Ireland, which ought to know better, being a surviving fragment of Atlantis, and later the cradle of the Hibernian mystery, appears to have lost track of the pattern. Not collectively. But most regretfully. For there is a heavy load of karma here, and they are not remedying that by flinging the balance violently up and down like a see-saw. Better, by far, if they could covenant to write it off now.

* * * * * * * *

What is happening to the "Chosen People", the Jews? Some years ago a wit wrote:-

"How odd
 Of God
To choose
 The Jews..."

While the door is open to doubt, we shall always have wits among us. Sometimes they are witty, sometimes not. According to how ignorant they are. This one was quite ignorant. It isn't odd at all, but very simple, as are all explanations in which God has a hand. For God is the only Eternal Simple in the Universe. It is modern fallen man who complicates every issue, by insisting upon identifying himself with the wrong portion of his spiritual history. In this case, it was obviously because the Jews retained the original truth, of the one God, the one-ness of all things, the power of this one-ness, and the non-separativeness of mankind from the Source, and the fact that this power *worked*, provided it was properly used, drawn upon in need, and served in plenty.

The word "Jew" means one who knows and keeps the Cosmic Law. In the vision on Patmos the four beasts presented themselves as death, sickness, fear, sin (or ignorance). Those who travel *with* Evolution (or God), the Cosmic Flow, have no need to fear these because they know there is no power except that of God.

Their contemporaries, on the other hand, who had lost this awareness of the One, had split up their diety into dieties, the Romans worshipping Pagan entities which their clairvoyants could still distinguish, and mistook for "gods". The Greeks in their semi-ignorance adopted the kings and queens of Atlantis, whom they could still "see" as discarnates, and called them gods, merely by virtue of their superior physical stature and lofty appearance, which by this time had been forfeited by the world of men. Other parts of the world in varying degrees of forfeiture of clairvoyance and understanding, turned to Nature and dieified the elementals and nature-spirits into beings of superior powers. This is an impossibility—their powers, far from being superior to those of proper man, are subordinate to his, and in any case have a different origin and purpose. Thus sub-man, as he had then become, and still is, engulfed himself deeper and deeper in the mire, until he was apparently inextricably involved in lowest matter and deepest ignorance, in a hopeless muddle, with his priorities all reversed and his values gone to perdition. He is only just beginning in cases, to put forth feeble endeavours to lift his nose above the mud and reach out groping fingers towards the grass-tufts of terra firma.

The Jews are no better, and no worse than the others, or than we are. They have suffered from the same complacency, immobility and conceit as we have. That is what invariably happens, when any one section, sex or group conceives a sense of one-up-man-ship over any other section. They either abuse the power thus conferred, or else they sink into a stuffy "class-consciousness", and comfortably assume that they need not worry any more, but rest on their non-existent laurels. They continue to do so until the laurels are faded and withered and fall to pieces. Men have done it in Pisces and are still, in the less educated classes, so "far-back" in their outlook that they retain, in a few cases at least, the illusion that they are the "chosen" sex, quite failing to realise that the attribute that made them so for a brief period, namely physical strength, is no longer required in an age which is passing from barbarity into gentleness, from violence into intuition. Unless they are very careful, they will find that their one attribute has been taken over by computers, and that sense they have not troubled to brush up their intuition, they have nothing to offer at all.

The same principle applies in religious one-up-man-ship. The twelve "chosen" tribes are no longer in the van. In fact it would seem that their members are the most narrow, dogmatic and "orthodox" of all, sunk in complacency and unwilling even to make the small effort requisite to grasp the principle of reincarnation.

Thus it will once again be from the amorphous mass, the "unchosen", unhonoured and unsung, that enlightment will emanate. The discarded Truth will filter back into the world, as it is beginning to do already, from unorthodox sources, whose prophets will impress the people for the simple reason that their so-called "chosen" leaders, the twelve tribes, the "Christian" church, the decadent Brahmins and Hindus, with their prostitution of original truths, lapsing into a muddy stalemate, have failed them and let them down. This bears out the old promise, "the last shall be first, and the first last...."

Chapter XIV

THE OTHER SIDE OF NATURE

Another tragic divorcement of modern man has been his loss of contact with the devic evolution. Without these "builders of the Universe", he would have no planet. He scoffs and sneers at all reference to them, yet disports himself on the planet whose prototypes they have so skilfully and in such perfection fashioned. There seems no limit to the idiocy of modern man, no well of ignorance so deep that he has not plumbed it.

To compare the actions and attitudes of modern man with those of antiquity, we must travel back to the early days of Atlantis. In this older continent, the home of the fourth root race, there existed a working understanding between man and nature. We have lost it. Mankind and the animal kingdom were on friendly terms; there was no fear, no hostility, no mistrust. It is only since the onset of the Kali Yuga that man has alienated the trust and affection of his younger brothers of the animal kingdom.

Life in Atlantis was entirely different. At that time there emanated from the Logos of the Solar System three separate life-waves. The first of these touched the mineral kingdom, imbuing with a degree of life the rocks and stones, the soil itself, the metals and minerals comprising the integral planet and its basis.

The second life-wave emphasised the vegetable kingdom, and visited with a more positive form of life everything which grew upon and drew its sustenance from the earth itself, everything green, from the most elementary form of plant-life, and marine plant life, up to the mighty oak-tree. While the life-wave was concentrated upon this aspect of nature, the mineral and animal kingdoms retreated into obscurity and assumed a shadowy, insubstantial condition; while the mineral was receiving its attention, the vegetation and animal-life seemed shadowy —that is, from the point of view of man—the only manifestation which can claim to have a point of view.

The third life-wave from the Logos brought into the limelight the animal kingdom, whereupon the mineral and vegetable life retreated into the shadow and surrendered their substance. This kingdom manifests the Blood Principle for the first time. The Blood Principle is of the Cosmos, not indigenous to this planet, Animals from the lowest to the highest were highlighted, and the same life-wave played equally upon the devic evolution, from the simplest form of marine life, through the winged insects and butterflies, up to the largest bird. The two lines of evolution run concurrently, and are equally embraced by the works of Sanat Kumara, the Planetary Spirit.

As has before been stated, everything was already there, in the earth-planet, the whole of creation being a tapestry, yet awaiting the details. The first three incarnations of the planet had been dedicated in turn solely to one of the kingdoms of nature, in Saturn to the mineral and metal (this is sometimes known as the Metal Incarnation), in the Sun Period the vegetation, in the Moon Period the animal. And thus, the three life-waves, originally sent out at each successive incarnation of the planet, and at those times concentrating upon one kingdom of nature at a time, were recapitulated within the framework of the Atlantean continent and throughout its unfoldment. And never before had the three kingdoms been highlighted and dealt with in relation to humanity and for its benefit, neither had humanity's part in them been demonstrated to the existing human experiencing unit and to human experiencing units in futurity. And within the three life-waves Sanat Kumara inaugurated his three major works.

In the first epoch of the old continent, Sanat Kumara and his selected band of helpers, human and devic, fashioned the fabric of the planet as far as mineral was concerned. All human workers were helping directly with the soil, but the devic aspect of creation, the gnomes, trolls, and underground elementals were engaged in designing the intrinsic prototypes of the planet.

Thus the human and devic workers operated in harmony and apparelled the composite planet as we know and recognise it.

In the second epoch, Sanat Kumara and his band of human assistants were engaged in work on the vegetation. The devic entities, this time the sylphs, dryads, nereids, salamanders, again fashioned the prototypes, but it was upon the human kingdom that the office and onus of distribution developed. It was the humanity of the time which had to select the location, periods in world history, and climatic conditions in which these infinitely diversified varieties were to flourish in perpetuity.

During the third epoch of Atlantis, and within the third life-wave from the Logos, Sanat Kumara dealt with the animal kingdom. The same principle applied, the devas being concerned with the forms themselves, but the humanity with distribution and well being. From the humblest furry denizen of the forest, up to the lion, hand-in-glove, the two sentient kingdoms worked. Perfect harmony prevailed, perfect integration. The people and beings of antiquity were concerned with building up the planet. We, for the past few thousand years, have been consistently concerned with knocking it down.

Within this natural harmony, the Atlantean law operated. It was a purely moral law, quite unlike ours, which is based upon a corrupt and false monetary system and set of values, founded on no logical or fair bedrock.

Accordingly, all the processes of nature and of man's life were logical and natural. *Not* "natural" in the loose way in which we apply the term, intimating that it "natural" to re-produce ourselves. It is no more "natural" for man to do this than it is for him to ride in motor-cars instead of using his legs, or to lose his teeth as he has done through eating soft and pre-digested foods, or, some time ago, to relinquish his tail because he no longer needed it. "What you don't use, you lose", is as true to day as it ever was. It is quite "natural" for us to lose the use of our reproductive organs, as we have lost our tails, legs, and teeth, and, for the sake of our planet, the sooner we do so the better. Natural for animals to reproduce physically, but not for man; he is not an animal but hermaphrodite in his later evolved appearances, a spirit, a Cosmic Being, hermaphrodite at his initial appearance, tenuous as he rises out of materialism and emotionalism, pure spirit when he finally emerges from all manifestation and returns to the Source whence he came.

"Death", for the Atlantean, was a self-induced process, to be consciously and voluntarily undertaken as sson as the Higher Self was satisfied that it could no longer profit by protracted experience in that particular vehicle, that its karma was paid off and its mission for that life accomplished.

Once satisfied as to that, the spirit could happily quit the physical envelope and effect the transfer to the alternative dimension, which was not cut off and veiled from the physical as it is today. There was no difficulty, no pain, no hold-up. When a citizen desired to effect this transfer, his venue was to pass between the two golden pillars set up outside each city, into the surrounding countryside, where he left his body. This indicated to his fellows that he desired no assistance or interference, but intended to de-materialise his physical shell, and at the end of the requisite three days, this small task would be concluded.

The faculty of de-materialisation is man's birthright to possess, and Christ demonstrated it to the populace of his day by de-materialising his own body; but they were too far engulfed in materialism and ignorance to comprehend, and we collectively, have forfeited the faculty, along with other higher faculties which rightly should be ours. The method of disposal just outlined could not be used in our society of over-population; but then, over-population could not occur, and would be unheard of in a society which knew how to use it.

The law of this land was simplicity itself, and admitted of no anomalies. The law simply laid down for the race those essentials which would ensure its smooth passage through life and its easy transfer to the devachanic aftermath, as much a part of its life of course as the actual incarnation, being the logical continuance thereof.

To cite a few instances, the people were not allowed to make use of the elements, except in small quantities. To use them in larger quantities, certain qualifications were demanded. Fire was under very strict surveillance; no bonfires were permitted to be made. The issue of fire for culinary purposes was at the discretion of the fire-wardens. The populace needed no artificial warmth, the climate being equable; they did very little cooking, their food being vegetarian and inorganic. There was no strain, no urge to add to what nature had provided. The office of fire-warden was a highly responsible one, a sacred office. The fire-warden occupied a cave or natural enclosure, and presided over the sacred flame in his crucible, parcelling out the element as described, at his discretion. Water was similarly supervised. Men were not allowed to effect floods or corner reservoirs for private supply; there was no need; water was available for the common good, from the pure lakes and rivers serving the land masses. Fishing was not practised, nothing must be killed; but at certain seasons of the year it was permissible to eat fish, when the group-soul was temporarily inoperative.

Horses were not used for transport, all life was sacred; no one form of life was sublimated to another or exploited by another; it was not until the end of the third epoch that anti-Cosmic practises involving animals were inaugurated, with, in some classes, the connivance of the animals involved, notably the goat.

This form of legislation continued to operate in Poseidon and in the early phases of the Aryan cycle.

There was a strict watch on serpents. This was called serpent-control. Until the third epoch of Atlantis, very few of these made themselves apparent. They were of Luciferic derivation; sometimes their reincarnating ego will be handed on to the feline class, where the pure ideal of evil will be absorbed and pass away. The serpent at this time denoted Evil in its essential connotation, and the task of the Atlantean citizen was to ensure that no serpent strayed into any province, and to that end, guards were posted widespread over the continent. During the second epoch, the advent of a serpent was a rarity indeed: yet vigilance was never relaxed. In the unlikely event of a serpent appearing, men would be alerted by the guards and would converge from all quarters, to cutdown and clear all foliage, trees and fern, and deflect a river to cleanse the land over which the intruder had passed. This was a highly important service, and the sparse populations of this phase were of a serious and dedicated disposition, so anxious were they to keep the encroaching evil at bay. Payment for service rendered was not made by "wages" or "salaries", but by a sensible exchange of goods, other services, necessaries for the sound and basic though simple, standard of living shared by all.

Gold was under careful supervision, for its unlovely future had already been inscribed on the Akasha, and the leaders feared for it. Gold-mining was not in depth; its production was not the laborious occupation and had not the sinister and sordid import that it subsequently acquired. It was not an "industry"; gold and silver were to the Atlanteans as cement is to us, simply building materials. Their usage as a token was scrupulously precluded, and later, as the downward arc remorselessly proceeded, discouraged, if in vain. The discouragement became in the course of time a losing battle, until the Kali Yuga laughed it to scorn. In Atlantis, anyone attempting to use it in this way would be under grave disapproval.

The law was administered by a sort of Hierarchy, roughly comparable with the Roman Catholic "religion", but without corruption or materialism. That is to say, the Roman Catholic church retained a vestige of it. They had a viceroy of God on earth—later the Pope. This was the mouthpiece of the Logos. He occupied the male embodiment, evershowed in the etheric by the feminine monad,* and dwelt apart in a temple, accessible notwithstanding to the people at all times of the day. A Citizens' Advice Bureau, but at the spiritual level. No protocol surrounded him, no fuss was made over his status, no expense lavished on him, no decoration hung about his person. He was an ordinary person, in every respect except his total wisdom. His advice was always apposite, because he was indeed the mouthpiece, without contamination of position or personal aggrandisement, freely passing on his wisdom to all who came to claim it as their spiritual brithright. His office it was to name his successor, so it was with Moses and Joshua.

---

* As occurred with Jesus Christ.

Under him was a body of law-givers. To these belonged the task of enforcing the law, such as it was. "Enforcement" was a misnomer, for few deviated. They covered long distances on foot in the execution of their duties, no horses or other beasts of burden were used–burdens had not yet been imposed either by man upon man or man upon animal. Thus their lives were not arduous, but peaceful and leisurely, contemplation and the progressive acquisition of wisdom playing a large part in their programme, as with their long staff of office they moved among the people.

It was not until the third epoch that actual enforcement of any law became necessary; thereafter by gradual and escalating degrees the Luciferic spirits flooded in from the moon-chain and took precedence, bringing about the downfall of the mighty empire.

After that, another life-wave from the Logos brought a peak-period for the inception of the Aryan root race, whose prototypes occupied the bodies of the lineal descendants of Atlantis, perfect bodies and perfected astralities being bequeathed to them by those selected survivors. But again the high phase waned, the race rapidly slipped down into corruption, and it was not long before another downward arc set in.

But we, at the very pit and depth of this downward arc, having just turned upwards to the Aquarian upward arc, begin to see the dire necessity for pulling ourselves up by our own shoe-straps, and this is where the Joshuas come into the picture.

Sporadic efforts are being made to reinstate the co-operation of man and the nature-spirits. Communities such as Findhorn in Scotland have been set up, where the two attempt to recognise each other. Similar communities exist in India.

But for the most part, modern man blunders blindly on, unreconciled with nature, with his planet or with his source, in abysmal ignorance of and thanklessness to, the Cosmic forces he is so ready to utilise for his own decadent ends. On his annual seaside holiday he will casually enquire whether the tide be in or out, so that he can sail his boat or have a swim, but the astounding phenomenon of its being either in or out leaves him cold. He takes miracles for granted, and goes to Bingo.

Man always plays into the hands of Lucifer by identifying with the wrong aspect of his composite being, instead of with the monadic core, which alone is in the image and likeness of God. Thus in order to gain ascendancy, Lucifer always works through whatever aspect is being deified at any particular juncture. In Atlantis, in whose third epoch he was triumphantly enthroned, he influenced the astral vehicle, perfected and exalted by this fourth root race. He made his minions feel that it was great fun to turn the clock back and beat God at his own game, of Evolution. Accordingly they brought all their energies to bear on those Cosmic forces they could so easily and exuberantly manipulate. They did not know, or bother to know, how it was done, but they knew exactly what to do. This was because they had no concrete "brain" to furrow their canded brows, no ailing bodies to impede their movements and hold up the proceedings–these had been perfected for them in Lemuria. It was all done with a tremendous upsurge of emotion–the astral vehicle had been worked on during three epochs, and was complete and functioning to the full. They comprised ebullient, uninhibited "personality" They were full of joy and enthusiasm at finding themselves equipped with that God-like power which could undo the work of evolution at one fell swoop, at their behest. Not, of course, for long.

Today, Lucifer works through the concrete brain, our commodity and perquisite. Modern man does not traffic in emotion, he is as dead as the Dodo. He combats Evolution by flattering himself that he is promoting it—at his own dead level, the scientific and material. He is an ingrate and a clever "smart Alec", who, while nothing loath to utilise the Cosmic forces he is probing into, takes the credit to himself,—cheating God, deluding himself that he can manage quite nicely without God, borrowing God's tools without acknowledging the lender.

Whether he be a jaunty "atheist", a condescending "agnostic", or just plain mixed-up, he is equally dishonest and far from the target. He could well go the way of Atlantis, in a different way and for a different reason. But warnings and prophecies have little impact on the man-in-the-street. Catastrophes do not happen overnight. It took Lucifer several thousand years to work his will in Atlantis, and even there, the milder citizens were probably not let into the secret. They may have been very much in the position most of us are in, unobtrusively going about their daily lives, under the fearful shadow of the impending Capture of Luna and the end of an evolutionary cycle and their continent, vaguely wondering, as we do, whatever the world was coming to, but little recking of these direful and horrendous clashes of the gods.

Chapter XV

THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

"Just as the moon was rising, I met a ghostly pedlar
Singing for company beneath his ghostly load,
'Once there was velvet lads with vizards on their faces
Rising out to rob me on the Great North Road.

Now my pack is heavy, and my pocket full of guineas
Chimes like a wedding-peal, but little I enjoy
Roads that never echo to the chirrup of their canter,
The gay golden farmer and the Hereford Boy.

Rogues were they all, but their raid was from Elf-land;
Shod with elfin silver were the steeds they bestrode.
Merlin buckled on the spurs that wheeled through the wet fern,
Bright as Jack-o'-lanterns off the Greath North Road.

Tales were told in country inns when Turpin rode to Rippleside,
Puck turned the fiddle-strings and country maids grew coy.
Tavern doors grew magical when Colonel Jack might tap at 'em,
The gay Golden Farmer and the Hereford Boy.'

'Whom are you seeking, then?' I asked this honest pedlar.
'Oh, Mull Sack or Natty Hawes might ease me of my load.'
'Where are they flown then?' 'Flown where I follow!
They are all gone for ever up the Great North Road'.

Rogues were they all, but the white dust assoils 'em.
Paradise without a spice of devilry would cloy.
Heavy is my pack till I meet with Jerry Abershaw,
The gay Golden Farmer and the Hereford Boy!' "

* * * * * * * *

There is a nostalgia in that poem. Nostalgia for something that has been lost, or for something that never was, in this dimension.

It presents yet another example of an identical event taking place on two diverse levels of existence. This is happening all the time, and it happens to us on the road as we journey back to our Source.

There is only one road left to man for that return journey—the road of spiritual awareness. All others have been tried and have terminated in a cul-de-sac.

Since we have been considering man as a fallen being, we might as well go on doing so; remembering always however that spirit can never fall, and it is only man's propensity for identifying himself with his tangible assets instead of his monadic centre that makes him what he is—or rather what he *isn't*.

It all began with Lucifer, who drew attention to the physical shell, outward seeming and petty "personality", focussing man's errant attention on these, and insidiously imputing to them an importance they do not possess. Soon they became in man's shallow estimation *all*-important, and true spirit, that part that is in God's image and likeness, was overlooked.

When did the Fall take place? Not in Lemuria, there was no implied evil there, for man was yet unconscious of illusion, and did not know that physical embodiment was to lead him away from his source and introduce separation.

Nor, to any appreciable extent, in the first two epochs of Atlantis. It was not until the third epoch of that continent that the Luciferic spirits began to pour in from the emptying aura of Maldek (See "PRISONERS OF TIME" by the same author), conferring upon the fourth-root race an access of prilliance and sophistication, tainted nevertheless with corruption. These speedily gained supremacy and precipitated the ultimate downfall of the Atlantean continent, which, coinciding with the Capture of Luna, furnished the necessary scientific explanation for the cataclysm. Not that there is anything remarkable about the collapse of a system which has exceeded itself and grown corrupt; indeed the one is a corollary of the other. For by the end of the final phase, Atlantis had attained to a peak of unprecedented achievement, but had abused its psychic faculties and sown the seeds of its own destruction by its orgies of mutations and retrograde practises which were anti-evolutionary and could not be contained within the Cosmic law.

However, our human development is like a graph. We, the human experiencing unit, keep rising and falling; but each time we fall, we rise a little higher. Thus there was a promising beginning to our Aryan or fifth root race; promising in the sense that sagacious and developed spirits had awaited that time in which to incarnate, to lead the sparse but carefully selected populations into wise ways and spiritually progressive civilisations. These had witnessed the failure of Atlantis and profited thereby, knowing what pitfalls to avoid.

But soon, inevitably, lesser spirits infiltrated astrally and invaded psysically. As has constantly occurred throughout history, peaceable civilisations, ill-equipped with weapons of war, were over-run by barbarians. Joshua's campaigns were the exception which proved the rule, and were outstanding for that reason.

Thereafter our descent into matter as accelerated; down through the occult but far from pleasand Egyptian civilisation, the Cretan, the Chinese with its strange "different" Cancerian overshadowing, the Indian, Persian, Hebrew, Aztecs and Incas, toward the Kali Yuga itself, which was of three thousand years' duration.

This gives us today a small start. We are seventy-five years "up" from that black abyss. So, perhaps, we should not expect too much of ourselves, yet. Perhaps, too, viewed from where we stand today, we have not done so badly! Even compared with a century ago, we are almost civilised.

Now that we have at last shaken free of the dismal pall, we find ourselves facing the uncompromising road back—to our home perfection, liquidation, one-ness.

It remains for us to quicken our steps, get on with the demolition, widen the road. We are doing that all right, at the physical level. But then, man always gives precedence to the physical, so this again, may not be the detriment it sometimes appears to be, in part of Britain at any rate. Perhaps it will be followed up by a spiritual acceleration. Working on the road should not prove too difficult for mankind; he is used to it. Nor should the allegory of the road be an obscure one for man to grasp. He has always had a notion of roads. They mean so much to him. They symbolise his life, and his life-story. For life is nothing but a journey. And the inns on the road are storage-places, and rendezvous of refreshment.

The very first roads of which man has any cognisance are the Atlantean roads, the astral tram-lines, which were laid down all over the planet by the Builders of the Universe, and afterwards translated into physical terms by the then human Experiencing Unit. This is differentiated from the devic element in that it embodies the divine spark. The devas were commissioned to fashion the prototypes of nature, but upon *man* devolved the task of distribution in perpetuity, and translation into physical expression on the earth-plane. That is precisely man's office on earth–to educate matter. That is what he is here for. Anni Besant thus designated man–"he is highest spirit and lowest matter, linked by the bridge of mind".

So that is his job. He is making a mess of it at present, but that is because he does not know his job; are rather that he has forgotten his preliminary interview with the Boss, in which he was primed with his instructions; and now he hasn't a clue. Not one clue as to what he is here for. And the church, which ought to have told him long ago, hasn't a clue either. A pity, all things considered. Because unless he learns pretty quickly, the road back is going to be a stony one. However, let us get back to that road, otherwise we too shall miss the 'bus'.

The inns on the Atlantean roads were the astral powerhouses, those incredibly ancient monoliths of stone, such as Stonehenge, Avebury, Kirkwall; they represented storage-centres for the circulating life-waves from the Logos of the Solar System which are continually being paid out for the benefit and use of mankind. As likewise for the animals.–it will be observed that the cattle always shelter under the shade of these great standing and leaning stones. The Druids used them in their rituals, and today the sensitive, the mediumistic type, and even "ordinary" mortals (this is no word of mine, it is the way people insist on being today) noticeably pick up vibrations there which are less compelling elsewhere. Ironically enough, the Romans claimed the credit for many of these roads, for their notably straight roads were often built upon the lines, faint by then, laid down by the Ancient Wisdom. But the Romans never penetrated as far as Ireland, and here the Atlantean tram-lines are more noticeable than in the rest of Britain.

All roads lead to Rome, they used to boast. And so it is with our destiny. There are many religions, but only one Truth, and all "religious" lead to it.

Dissect the word "religion", and that is the meaning that emerges–a *re-tying,* or *binding-back;* i.e. a return to one's source.

Initiations take place on roads. There was the initiation of Saul who became St. Paul, and this occurred on the Road to Damascus. An initiation is the name given to a sudden and abrupt conversion, as the result of a sudden or abrupt psychic experience. There was the initiation of Attila the Hun, on the road to Rome. His was a hard case, if ever there was one. He, and his host of conquerors and plunderers with him, came to a river. On its bank was a small community of monks. One of them, an aged man, waded into the water, almost beneath the hoofs of Attila's horse, holding up a rough cross made of two twigs tied together. "The road to Rome is open," he informed the barbarian; "All are fled thence; none remain but children and aged men. Its treasure is yours for the taking. Why do you hesitate, Attila? I am an acient man; you can trample me underfoot, and ride on, to capture the city and claim your plunder. What halts you?" For the warrior did not move; his horse sat back on its haunches; his host waited silently behind him. "Go on," pursued the monk. "Enter Rome; sack it, pillage it, possess it. But if you do, Attila, if you do...you will pay therefore with your soul...."

And Attila turned, and rode back the way he had come, his disappointed host raging behind him.

No one will ever know exactly what went on in the mind of that savage warrior, except he himself.

The Romans were Pagan, but they did acknowledge a "religion", after a fashion. At least they knew what they wanted, and what they-were after, however unpraiseworthy. It is significant that after their decline and departure from Britain, our history became a blank, and people lost their way in that darkness.

Then there were no roads–physically, there were no roads. Only the merest tracks, and these inefficiently maintained, or not maintained at all, impassable in winter. The Saxons had no roads to speak of, the Danes did little better; the Normans made efforts to uncover the obliterated Roman causeways, but even for their skilled engineers the task proved insuperable. Right through mediaeval times, roads in Britain were almost non-existent, forests abounded, the haunt of wolves, bears, wild-cats and other hospitable watchers for the unwary or nightbound traveller. It was said that a squirrel could journey from end to end of Britain without touching the ground. Such forests inevitably housed bands of maruading outlaws, or whom Robin Hood was but a picturesque euphemism.

It was an astonishingly long time before men woke up to the need for roads. But then, man does take an astonishingly long time to wake up, when he is asleep. That is why evolution takes so long. All through the seventeenth century things stayed just as they were. Charles II, who rather fancied the races at Newmarket, and needed some sort of transport, appointed a few desultory road-menders; but these soon went back to sleep, resting nonchalantly on their pickaxes and imbibing the Carolean equivalent of today's ubiquitous cup of tea. They were dubbed "His Majesty's Loiterers".

It was not until the eighteenth century that the penny dropped. Then the authorities really went to town. The turnpike road came into being. As always, some parts of the country lagged behind. Robert Walpole, who journeyed about a good deal, complained that roads of Sussex were the worst in the world, and the Sussex inns the most prolific in fleas of any region visited. All the same, it was the heyday of the inn, the hostelry and the tavern.

Then came the era of the highwayman. A golden age indeed for that daring fraternity. The evasion of the toll-tax was a favourite pastime,–we hear of Dick Turpin leaping the toll-gate, leaving the unhappy toll-collector gaping in the roadway. Tales of the highwaymen are legion; they became a legend in themselves. Their philosophy was that as they were bound to be hanged anyway, they might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. They took life–and death–as it came, dressing up for the spectacle of their execution in all their finest array, catching nosegays tossed to them from the admiring audience at Tyburn in exchange for blown kisses, bows and theatrical gestures. Their philosophy of life is summed up in verse:-

> "As the highwayman's life is the fullest of zest
> So the highwayman's death is the briefest and best;
> For he dies, not as other men die--by degrees,
> But at once, without flinching, and quite at his ease!"

It is a point of view, and perhaps has something to commend it; better, at least, than manufacturing misery, as does the normal "respectable" funeral.

It was possible to travel fast, provided the incentive was there. Nick Nevison rode to York in one night, to establish an alibi. Charles II condoned his prosecution in public, but characteristically in private chuckled over the amazing feat, and dubbed the highwayman "Swift Nicks". Later Dick Turpin somehow appropriated the credit.

There were acknowledged kings of the road; these held the full sympathy of the people, were regarded in the light of reformers, even Joshua's, in that they did in fact resist unfair legislation and help the poor. Claude Duval's epitaph points their importance:-

> "Here lies Duval,—reader, if male thou art,
> Look to they purse; if female, to thy heart.
> Much havoc hath he made of both, for all
> Men he made stand, and women he made fall.
> A second conqueror of the Norman race,
> Knights to his arms did fall, and ladies to his face.
> Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief,
> Duval, the ladies' joy, Duval, the ladies' grief!"

* * * * * * * *

There are spiritual highwaymen, too, to be encountered along the highway of life, as also spiritual tramps, or drop-outs.

The medicants of former days comprised a calling in themselves, professionals who took to the road, not for revenue but for peace and quiet. A now extinct fraternity, it knew only as lodging barn and hayrick, copse and hedgerow, for transport the odd lift on a farm-cart, to vary the monotony of tramping from dawn to dusk. Robert Louis Stevenson's *Vagabond* voices but one plea:-

> "Give to me the life I love,
> Let the lave go by me;
> Give the jolly heaven above
> And the by-way nigh me.
>
> Bed in the bush with stars to see,
> Bread I dip in the river;
> There's the life for a man like me,
> There's the life for ever.
>
> Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
> Nor a friend to know me;
> All I seek, the heaven above,
> And the road below me."

To suggest that these have been superseded by the hitch-hikers would be bathos indeed!

The coach too was a magnificent structure, and its age a flamboyant picturesque one. The stage-coach and the residential inn went out together with the advent of the railway. Rage and indignation greeted the Iron Horse. It would ruin the trade of the road. It presupposed the end of civilisation as the staid early nineteenth society knew it. Like every innovation, it was not welcome. And even with the first coach, there must have been gloomy prognostications of destruction and woe. So between the trains and the canals, road-transport fell into abeyance.

But now what has happened? Chaos incarnate. One cannot even cross the roads. No provision whatever is made for that almost extinct species, the pedestrian. There are flyovers, crawl-unders, but nowhere for anyone who has retained the use of the legs with which God endowed him. These have now become a purely nominal appendage. Motorists stare rudely at anyone who happens to be on foot on a country road, dogs bark disapprovingly, where once it was the car they would chase and bark at—a curious example of group-soul education; a generation of the canine persuasion has been born with a built-in suspicion of that which is not familiar. Unless one is on wheels, one is suspect, an outsider, a dubious character.

The roads are a conveyor-belt. Some historic towns are being literally swallowed up, to make way for arterial roads. Shanty towns of devastating ugliness have arisen mushroom-like on the continent to accommodate exclusively employees of the car-industry—a one-track-minded community! The postulated petrol-shortage may prove a blessing in disguise.

So, as we follow the stumbling, chaotic progress at the physical level, we are able to point the allegory at the spiritual; each road has its quota of breakdowns, accidents, pitfalls, mis-calculations, clumsy endeavours and blunders in the course of up-building and dismantling.

To glance for a moment at the (at present hidden) advantages of demolition, destruction and change—demolition teaches us to widen out, *not* to feel that we "belong" to any specific town or village as we used to, but to the *global* village.

Transport on its present scale does have the effect of linking, but it also has the effect of separating. Just as the television does. It separates in that people sit in their little, ugly individual bits of tin rolled up into a shape, and tear about, intent upon their consumption of mileage and oblivious of each others' existence; it breeds competition, impatience and hostility between motorist and pedestrian; but also it links, if people will only let it.

Similarly with the television. While it destroys social intercourse, it provides a sharing of awareness; we all know that several times during the course of an evening's entertainment. We are all one, actually, and in the end we merge as one. Meanwhile, we are linked astrally, and in the sleep-state we meet and communicate.

We may not approve of all this "progress"; assuredly it does not look like progress. Yet, if we take a really long view, *which is the only valid view for us to take,* it is in the long run pro-evolutionary.

In any event, *there is only one road back.* Something has got to be done. "It can't go on like this!" is the gist of many a desultory conversation overheard on a 'bus. What form will that "something" take?

Perhaps man will at long last heed the exhortation of Plato, "Man, know Thyself", and come to acknowledge the truth of his stricture, "the Proper Study of Mankind is Man." Perhaps he will rediscover facts, Cosmic facts, that he once knew and has been allowed, indeed constrained, to forget; a knowledge of his purpose in coming to the earth, of reincarnation, of his origins and his destiny, and individually ascertain the nature and extent of his karma. For in default of that vital knowledge, he continues to live "blind", still unthinkingly continuing to manufacture karma, instead of stopping-in his tracks to consider what karma he already has, and trying to reduce that accumulation; over-population continues and evolution is hampered and impeded.

There are hopeful portents, sign-posts along the road. Let us examine some of these mile-stones. The abolition of the death-penalty is a significant one on our road back to the source. It betokens at least a dawning awareness of the futility of liquidating souls in an unregenerate state or harbouring revengeful thoughts. They will only be back, sometimes spontaneously, in a worse and more vindictive embodiment, because the Lords of Karma have no alternative but to allow them to return to the earth-plane to seek out their victim and thrown the karmic balance askew once again by a further murder. For the Cosmic Law admits of no short cuts; everything has to be worked out to the bitter end.

If on the other hand these criminals are kept in their bodies, they do at least stand a chance of thinking things out, and in some cases arriving at the useful conclusion that violence solves no problems but only begets further problems.

The above mentioned awareness on the part of those who legislate is probably subconscious. They are not as yet spiritually orientated to the extent of admitting to their "belief in" the after-life; but inwardly they obviously are; otherwise they would not have reached the conclusion that the liquidation of souls is not our business; even though they do not yet know that it is the business of the Lords of Karma. And in such an important step as this, half-awareness is better than the terrible spiritual vacuum in which our predominantly male "governments" for centuries have floundered.

There are other optimistic traffic-signs. We are less snobbish, more tolerant. We are not as cruel and barbarous as we used to be. We have ceased, or almost ceased, deliberately to stage evil spectacles. We try to be kinder to animals than we used to be, though we are not always wise enough in our treatment of them. In 1670 in London, when Catholics and Protestants were at each others' throats, the mob burned an effigy of the pope, and stuffed it with live cats, in order that it might produce realistic sounds. Neither king, Parliament nor populace raised a voice or a finger in protest; that could not happen today.

Our chief enemy now is somnolence, not cruelty.

* * * * * * * *

Two transmissions follow, received from Nikola Tesla[10] through the mediumship of a metaphysical study group in America; under the direction of a discarnate guide; direction is offered the earth-plane from this source where it may be sought or considered desirable:-

"We have long given deep and serious thought to the failure of one of the most spiritually backward of all the planets to learn the vital lesson of BROTHERHOOD. And we can now tell you the basic cause of your aggression and wars. Instead of learning to live happily together as a united human family, you have plunged recklessly down the unnatural pathway of DIVISION. Throughout your history you have separated the sheep from the goats, race from race, sex from sex, when, in fact, you are all both male and female genetically, and completely assexual spiritually; white skin from coloured, caste from caste, one social status from another, the wealthy from the poor; language from language, country from country (you nationalism has been your greatest down fall and the prime cause of most of your wars); one political idealogy from another, religion from religion (and what unholy crimes you have committed in the name of your religions!), good from evil, and so on, ad nauseam.

In your obsession with division, you have separated, split, segregated, polarised and compartmentalised almost everything on earth. An then, behind your self-made barricades, you have taken sides in opposition to all others, which has led to hate, violence and wars.

More recently, you have created artificial "generation gaps" ignoring the fact that spirit is ageless, and from time immemorial, the biggest division of all has been that between your so-called Establishment and its working populaces.

---

[10] See glossary

Why is it that you have never even learned the wisdom of your own earth-maxim "UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL"? It is pitiful that you have lost sight of its greath truth. And thus, all along the line, you have lacked UNITY."

The road back is to Unity, to One-ness.

THE PATH TO WHICH WE ARE CALLED

The pathway upon which we are called to walk, is the pathway of life itself. It is the pathway of truth, and love. As we walk, we come to realise that it is also the path of Wisdom.

We may be walking with our vision veiled and not know it. Indeed man has walked heavily veiled for many ages.

From time to time souls were sent to reveal the true nature of the path and to teach those who longed to know their way.

Look within from time to time and see where perhaps one has deviated from the true path of life, which is Love, Wisdom, Truth.

One looks at life in many ways and at many levels, and thinks one is seeing truly and purely with the outer eyes or beholding with the mind, and feeling with the heart. It may not be true wisdom, there may even be a division of vision, not recognized and perhaps not even known, and presenting a false interpretation.

Before the descent known as the "Fall", we were very spiritual beings. Nothing was un-natural. The term natural has been used to designate the fallen nature.

Bodies formed of earthly elements belong to a phenomenal world; there are others, formed of elements belonging to a spiritual world. Many souls cannot discern the things of the spirit, however lovely, until they have attained such stages of evolution, when the understanding is opened to receive from the inner world.

Many souls have, long ages ago, reached that stage and passed it; others remain without the inner power of discernment, because they are wedded to earthly things.

Souls belong to orders. These are broken up into racial groups, nations, peoples and tribal communities. The orders represent the tinctures of the soul. Of these there are seven, and they are according to the order of the creative spirits of the heavens. On the lower or outer kingdom, these are revealed as the spectrum.

According to their order, souls reveal the one life, and according to their age and growth as the life intends or otherwise. To understand souls, peoples, nations and races in the degrees and aspirations of their manifestation, is to know whence they are and how far they have come along the path of evolution, the order to which they belong and the order of the manifestation to them.

Terrestrials are children of the planet.

It was blindness the Master 2,000 years ago came to heal. He healed not only by touching outwardly, but by calling to memories their consciousness which once they knew and had long forgotten.

Their vision healed, he taught them ways that should be as Love itself, loving, pure, gentle, lovely, upright, true, bringing no harm or hurt to any of the lord's creatures in created embodiments.

Ask for wisdom to divide false from the true, as with the sword of the spirit, hurting none, bringing illumination, liberation and peace to all. A hard path, but with vision healed, our spiritual astigmatism put right so that everything is brought into focus, *true* focus. This is the path—seek it.

* * * * * * * *

Even so, if any traveller be not satisfied with the allegory of the road, let him think of us as a lot of bubbles, suspended from the Source. When your bubble of illusion is pricked for the last time, there is nothing between you and God.

* * * * * * * *

We are only seventy-five up from the Kali Yuga. Spiritual infants, exploring the Kindergarten. The planet is a school. The celestial Education Authorities are anxious to close it down. But they cannot do so until the very last pupil has graduated. We do not know why they are desirous of closing it; we do not know why they saw fit to open it in the first place, When we enter Capricorn, provided we have made sufficient progress, they may issue a White Paper setting forth this intelligence for our edification.

Meanwhile, all we can do, those of us who have passed a few of the examinations and are beginning to get the hang of things, is to help to the best of our ability those who still hover on the threshold. We can meditate, bearing in mind the immense and often underestimated power of thought, and thereby project positive thoughts upon posterity.

It may seem a thankless task–assuredly posterity isn't going to do anything for us!

But that is the whole object of the exercise, to look for no reward in this world, the Eighth Beatitude being, "Blessed is he that expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed."

Christ said, "My kingdom is not of this world",–meaning of course, the "*I Am That I Am*" is not of this world.

As for the reward we *may* expect, it is subject-matter for the next chapter.

Chapter XVI

THE AKASHIC RECORDS

These represent the whole story. They comprise the picture of everything that ever happened, is happening now and ever will happen. They are mentioned in Ecclesiastes– THAT WHICH HATH BEEN IS NOW. AND THAT WHICH IS TO BE HAS ALREADY BEEN...AND GOD REQUIRETH THAT WHICH IS PAST. They are the pictures of everything we have ever done from the beginning of time.

They are ineradicable as far as our Life is concerned, but when we reach a certain point in our Evolution, they are no longer ineradicable; we can re-cast them in the light of the Wisdom garnered in our chain of lives.

Everything has its Akashic Record. The Planet and each section of the Planet, each country, has its record. Each individual human being has its record. These contain an imprint of everything we have ever done, or thought, or spoken.

Not, possibly, the minor details of our lives, our shopping list, or the trivia which go to make up the quota of our daily round. Not that, but all the milestones of our life, all the salient points, the important decisions, the human relationships, all the motives, all the achievements, all the failures, are recorded there.

They present a more animated and lively picture thus inscribed upon the Etheric Wax, than does the drab, overshadowed version we are able to scrape together of our existence whilst we are on the earthplane imprisoned in our bodies. They present themselves in high relief.

Who incribes them? The Builders of the Universe. They are part of the Universe, and the task devoles upon the Deva Evolution. Everyone has heard of a "Recording Angel". Exactly so.

We contribute much to our Akashic Record in the sleep-state. Much more while we are in that state than while we are in our bodies during our waking hours. Most of our day-time activity consists of dross. So much of it is a waste of time. Waiting for buses, talking nonsense, earning our living at something which is intrinsically futile and irrelevant to our Evolutionary progress, watching Television, hastening insensately from point to point in our cars, arguing fruitlessly with our fellow men, and getting annoyed. This is not inscribed except as a dreary smudge or fog-patch, which has to be dispelled in the fulness of time.

In the sleep-state, we are more concerned with essentials. We are where we wish to be, we are in company with those souls in whose company we desire to be, whereas in the day-time we must of necessity rub shoulders with all and sundry, with everyone, including those with whom we have no connection, who are not relevant to our particular story. Thus there is a great deal of disentagling to do during the sleep-state.

Likewise a vital period is spent between Incarnations in KAMA LOKI, the period in which we digest the previous life and obtain a paroramic preview of the forthcoming one. For here we are in process of sorting out the wheat from the chaff, we are discovering where we went wrong, and applying the remedy, and correcting these errors, as far as our limitations will permit. This phase, or state of being, corresponds with the Purgatory of the Roman Catholic teaching.

Here we are confronted with our inheritance of Karma, and called upon to decide how much of it we are capable of paying off in the ensuing life, and what proportions of it we are going to have to postpone to some future existence. How much of our astrality or potential we are going to be able to exploit and express in that life, and how much will have to be carried over to another life to be completed on the astral planes after the dissolution of the physical vehicle.

Countries have their Akashic Record. Any Empire which was once glorious never fades out of cognizance, because its glories are recorded for all time on its Akashic Record. Its glories may decline, as the glories of many Empires past have declined, as Greece and Rome and Egypt declined, never to rise again.

Venice enjoyed its glorious heyday. That has now passed away, but as far as its Akashic Record is concerned, it is still there, in "Glorious Technicolour".

Into Devachan, which is part of the Great Akasha, nothing may go, except the quintessence of Love. That is to say that after completing its cycle of lives, each human being, and each country, and each planet, must sort out all that is of no value or of bad report, or of a Karmic nature, whilst it is still in Kama Loki.

Better still if one finds it possible to do so while still in the physical body on the earthplane—"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath" is wise council, and Christ knew what he was doing in advocating turning the other cheek. He knew that in such circumstances, you had certainly wronged your assailant in some former life, therefore let him finish the job, and pay off your debt to him by giving him carte-blanche with your other cheek.

Thus when finally we pass in essence into Devachan, we carry nothing with us, and admit nothing which may accompany us except pure love, whatever and in whatever form it may have presented itself to us in the course of our earth-lives.

Pleasures too are recorded on the Akasha, and the quintessence of pure joy may also go into Devachan, i.e. a memory of one fleeting moment in our physical lives, distilled into one droplet or complete thing. But the difference between this moment on the earthplane in our physical life, and its counterpart in Heaven, or Devachan, is that in the former state it is gone in a flash, savoured and fled, leaving nothing but a memory, a pain, a sadness, a sense of deprivation, or a heaviness, an emptiness, a heartache, a loss, because it seems to have gone forever. In the latter state it is protracted, held, cherished, unimpaired, relished, enjoyed in perpetuity. In Devachan its beauty never fades, its colour never washes out, its verdure remains fresh and dewy for ever. Many poets have captured this elusive thing. Thomas Moore in "The meeting of the Waters", illustrates Devachan.

> "Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
> In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
> When the storms that we feel in this cold world
> shall cease,
> And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
> peace...."

Robert Burns deplores that on earth,

> "Pleasures are like poppies spread;
> You pluck the flower, its bloom is shed.
> Or like the snowfall in the river,
> A moment white–then melts for ever."

In Devachan the snowflake never melts, the poppy remains spread in the sunshine, and never drops. But we have to earn this singular and rarified dimension of our earth-planet. We earn it the hard way, and it is not until we have paid off to the uttermost farthing our Karmic Debt, and until we have purified ourselves of all evil, muddled, woolly or imperfect thought, that we may inherit this divine realm!

Animals and species die out on our earth-planet, never perhaps to return. If there are too many people, the primroses die out, because exhaust fumes kill them, and people pick them, and vandals destroy them; the shy violet dies out in the woodland retreat, because picnic parties tread on it and crush the roots. Wherever man goes, beauty recedes. For at his present stage he is a parasite on his planet, and all senstive things retreat before him.

It was not always so. The ancients venerated their planet, and trod the earth in such a way as not to break a grass-blade. Modern man cherishes no such scruples, but exploits his planet for greed of gain, and self-aggrandisement, and he defaces its natural amenities to build concrete monstrosities to house the gross over population he perpetrates.

If we take a long view, it does'nt greatly matter. Primroses return, and eventually the furry animals come into their own again. But in Devachan the primrose blooms forever.

We are never fully developed here. We come here to practice, and to try time after time to gain the chance to develope ourselves, only to withdraw time after time, baffled and defeated, to Kama Loki, there to take stock and to re-emerge on to the seemingly endless treadmill of human life–we cannot master this ever-recurring and ever-revolving wheel of birth and death until we have attained to the perfection that Devachan demands of us. It is more apparent to-day than at any other time of our history, when we have this terrible social scourge of over-population, which is permitted by the Powers That Be to cut down the senseless repetition of life in these physical bodies–Evolution is very, very, slow, because, amazingly, it would appear that man does not learn even by his most obvious mistakes; we always cater for the lowest common denominator. Many Souls who only come in for a very short time do so because in their last lifetime they declared themselves not to "believe in" Reincarnation. This applies to abortions and the infants born into Biafra, and India who only live a few months, then die of starvation. Their tiny experience was to convince them of the continuity of life. They were just born again, and that was enough. Once they had inscribed the experience on the Akashic record, they could no longer doubt the evidence of their own eyes.

Their brief experience was "just for the record"–The Akashic Record". Anyone who obstinately refuses to bend credence to one of the Eternal verities lays himself open to such an experience. They read the Akasha in the sleep state, or in Kama Loki between lives, and thereafter the block to progress is removed.

Looking back through world history, we cannot be surprised at the apparent slowness of Evolution, because of the immense weight of Karma which had to be redeemed, and still has to be redeemed–Human life was held in scant veneration. It was very cheap–When the Great Wall of China was in process of construction, many Souls, man and boy worked on it all their lives. When through age or infirmity they dropped dead at their work, they were simply walled up within the edifice, replaced by others and the work went on–In Russia under the Tsars, similar instances of virtual enslavement were legion. Lives were totally expendable, projects of construction, even of art, used up lives in this way, people being simply and literally worked to death. In every Empire all down the centuries this was the common practice.

All these were Souls, each one as important as the next one, each one with a desitny to accomplish. Each one, the victim of enslavement, having to come back, time after time, to gain the chance of self-expression denied him under these regimes of oppression.

Until all this Karma is paid back, Evolution will continue to be very slow, and work on the Great Akashic Records will have to be carried out by all of us, night and day, consciously and in the sleep-state, all the time, re-writing and re-casting, until the legacy of Karma is repaid.

The Akashic Records are not in chronological sequence, but neatly packed one on top of the other. Not all mixed up and disjointed, as are our earth-lives, i.e. if we have known a person well, and do not see him for 20 years, there will be no hiatus in our dealings with him, but when we take up the threads again, it will seem as if our last meeting were but yesterday.

Thus each individual is dealt with with relevantly to his own story, and we appear upon each others record as and where that appearance is relevant to his or her story. So, each individual pursues his or her own story, and where his lives intersect with those of his friends or relations, there the two records are linked for a while, until once again the parties concerned resume their separate ways.

All irrelevancies are removed, and once you are free from the impeding physical shell, it is "all yours", so to speak. You have the free run of your Akasha, and as much of your friends' and relations' Akasha as may be relevant–i.e. the parts of it you shared with them, and they with you.

Getting free of the physical shell, whether by "death" or by studied Astral projection whilst still incarnate, is called the point of Liberation of consciousness. It means that you are no longer identified with your personality or your physical body, or any of the personalities or bodies you have ever occupied, but have the free run of all of them—that is, of the impressions of them which still remain on the Akasha. An anology can be drawn here of the butterfly in the rose garden, the roses are your memories—they are still immobile, until the butterfly settles on them in turn, reimbuing them with the vitality they had when you lived in them. The butterfly in this connotation is your consciousness—the portion of your Spiritual anatomy which alone is constant, alone is immortal.

It is advisable to get as much done as you can while you are still incarnate: but at the same time laying up for yourselves treasures in heaven, not on earth, for depredations of moths and dust are indeed a reality!

The Akashic Records can be likened to our Tape Recordings. They can be cleaned off, or rubbed off. This is where Omar Khayam was at a disadvantage—he had no tape-recorders to illustrate how the plan works. Had he been privelidged to possess one, he would never have lamented as he did. The moving finger writes, and having writ Moves on; nor all thy piety and wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a line, Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it" for sheer common-sense would have told him that God's tape-recordings are hardly likely to be less efficient than ours!

It is hardly to be imagined that God would have tape-recorders which once used, were indelible and a fixture for ever and ever, inflexible, rigid. There is nothing like that in the Universe. Would God have failed to think up a device which would correct errors and clean the slate for re-use? How terribly uneconomical that would be! God is never uneconomical. God never wastes anything. In any case, unless God had one first, man could not have a tape-recorder. For man is not a creator, only a discoverer and a re-discoverer. He can only see clairvoyantly what is already there, and translate it into physical terms. Man cannot imagine anything. The word imagination denotes ability to see a picture, see what is already there before him, already created, already invented. The man who "invented" television only copied it from God. He only saw the prototype in the Fourth Dimension, assembled the parts in the physical, put them together, and produced a physical version of the prototype for the use and convenience of the earth-plane. In other words he saw God's television-set complete, and made a copy of it.

* * * * * * * *

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SLEEP-STATE

We accomplish most of our life's work in the sleep-state —this at all events from the Cosmic point of view. And this is just as well, otherwise some people would get no chance at all.

Take the case of a Mongol child. It inherits its imperfect receiving-set, its impaired brain and damaged body, and during the day, in its waking hours, it is not in command of these; its actions are unco-ordinated and it has not the control of its limbs and their movements. It lives its life in the sleep-state, when it is free from its physical shell and using instead an undamaged counterpart. Thus it is fully occupied and inscribing busily on its Akashic Record. Here it is normal, not, as in the daytime, considered abnormal by the society in which it is only half incarnated. For it has in fact only half entered into its damaged vehicle. Thus when it comes to the end of its incarnation, it has just as much to report, and has achieved just as much, as, say, the successful and prosperous businessman who possessed in life a sound and fully functioning vessel. Its Akashic Record is as complete as that of the businessman.

If a fuller explanation is required, let us study in some detail the respective days in the life of a Mongol child and a wealthy stockbroker or car manufacturer. The Mongol sits in the garden, or lies on his back in the grass, staring up at the heavens or down at the daisies.

In doing so, he stands the chance of receiving a conception of receiving a conception of the works of his Creator– something penetrates, however dimly, and in the sleep-state at night he notes it down, joyfully untainted by material consideration, greed of gain, calculation, worry, or any of the other tiresome emotions which beset those of us who are "sane".

The business magnate, on the other hand, spends his day, probably, fretting over his losses or gains. He probably has a duodenal ulcer. He probably does not see the light of day, let alone the sky, because he is crouching over list and figures and documents or irritably gluing his ear to a telephone. He is spending a lot of money making "phone calls" to America about nothing that is of interest to God. He is not interested in how a daisy is made, or what aspect of the Devic Evolution puts it together. If his day has been satisfactory, he goes home to his wife, and discusses a world cruise, a mink coat for her, another car, so that their daughter can have one too–the mink coat means inflicting suffering on a defenceless animal–the extra car adds to the social problem of pollution– both of these points get a negative mark from the Recording Angel in charge of his particular Akashic Record, whereas the Mongol has achieved something, he is a little wiser about the heavens, the Solar System, and the products of the planet. It is easier, says the Bible, for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven. But not impossible. He can do it. Thus if in the course of the world cruise the rich man does notice the beauties of the foreign lands he passes through, enjoys the benefits by the fresh air, then it is not wasted time. But if on the other hand he only notices the quality of the food in the hotel he stays in, and the cost of the clothing his friends' wives wear, then he again gets a dud mark.

Chapter XVII

INTO CAPRICORN–*THE "WHY"*

The evolutionary cycle of Capricorn will be concerned with the "Why" of man's purpose and destiny. We of the dawning Aquarian Age are concerned with the *"How"*.

With each successive cycle there is a new life-wave or thought-dispensation from the Logos of the Solar System, and a new spearhead or brotherhood of man in possession of the knowledge then forthcoming. That is to say, the allocation of knowledge and wisdom to be used by the coming age will be available on the others to be picked up therefrom by the prophets and pioneers of that age. This is the way it has always been. The knowledge is infiltrated by and through the prophets and interpreted by them for the benefit of the masses comprising that age. It is never fully grasped by those masses until the very end of the cycle, yet, until the lowest common denominator has grasped it, the age cannot be said to be over, nor can it be replaced by the next one. Invariably and at present inevitably, the prophets and pioneers are unpopular with the unready masses, and, according to the degree of barbarity prevailing upon the earth at the time of their entry, they suffer crucifixion either figuratively or actually. Time being non-real, it is the standard of intelligence (not worldly or concrete intelligence–this can be a barrier,) of the masses, which determines the speed of the passage of each cycle. "Time" is now passing more swiftly than it used to–many people are noticing this and remarking upon it, not the old alone–and infinitely more swiftly than it did in Lemuria.

Christ interpreted the teaching for the Piscean Age, and this is still not understood. The Age of Aquarius is the "Second Coming", in which it will be understood. When this

Cosmic event takes place, the next life-wave will emanate from the Logos, the Aquarian Age will be declared at an end, the Capricorn fore-runners will be alerted, and will interpret and pass on to the masses now cognizant of the "How" of God's Plan, these facts concerning the "Why"of it. They will meet the same fate of Christ, but in a modified form, for we are growing less barbaric, and at first the facts will be scoffed at and discredited as facts always are, and as God always is, for the truth is painful and unpalatable to the small human ego, and there will be some egos left even in Capricorn.

But by the end of Capricorn, as surely as the night follows the day, every spiritual laggard and unwilling hearer will be in possession of the relevant facts then promulgated.

The Luciferic Block will doubtless be dragged into place by the Dark Forces, to prevent and preclude wherever possible the growth of the seeds laboriously sown by these pioneers. We do not know what form it will take in Capricorn; in our day it takes many insidious forms–the lack of worldly success and sometimes even the poverty of the pioneers, who have to withstand so much that is disheartening that their personal lives become attenuated, railway strikes arising when the pioneers of evolution travel on the current transport in pursuit of their endeavours to shed the light, the refusal of the television and broadcasting media to co-operate, their persistent deliberate suppression of the truth, their repudiation of it, their twisting, garbling, and even ridiculing of it, still disgracefully operative. It would be gratifying if one could honestly say that the situation were improving; but such a suggestion would not at this juncture be valid. The truth is spreading slowly and invisibly among the public in spite of and not in any way because of, its media.

But Capricorn will have broken the back of Lucifer. He will of course drag up the heavy artillery to meet the final over-throw, but it is to be expected that his teeth will have been drawn by then.

Broadly speaking, every evolutionary cycle sets a target for humanity, in order that one basic item of knowledge shall be collectively assimilated by the end of that cycle. Many things, of course, have to be learned during the course of a cycle, but each age has to get used to one specific inovation the preceding age did not have to include in its way of life. The Piscean Age was called upon to surface from the state of being drowned, or submerged. We, the last of the Pisceans, are just beginning to succeed in doing that, never again to succomb to the watery element. The preceding two thousand years brought the then experiencing unit down into chaos, the last thousand representing a more rapid descent than the first thousand. This was the dispensation called Aries. Their adjustment was to deal with total aggression and violence, and face the almost complete loss of contact with the one truth, so that this was only holding by a thread by the time Christ came to demonstrate the way back. This was the kind of world Joshua the biblical had to contend with. If we voyage back through another dispensation, we find Taurus, still occult, but consolidating into the format we later races have come to expect and comprehend. The civilisations then extant, such as Egypt, would be in many ways very different from ours, yet not altogether beyond our comprehension. The dispensation before that, namely the Geminian, would be confronted with the introduction of guile and deception, of suspicion and the subtler forms of evil introduced by the more refined Luceiferic spirits who did not filter in till later, i.e. about that time of Gemini; the Cancerian period would be reluctantly accepting the loss of domestic stability, brought about by the gradual withdrawal of good and of the moral law of earlier times, and the onset of disruptive elements; whereas the Leonian dispensation, two thousand years earlier still, would be acquainting itself, as Leo is cut out to do when he must, with aggression and invasion at the physical level for the first time, this dispensation marking the first noticeable descent into matter,– for the Virgoan era, as the sign intimates, was a period of purity, indeed of the Morning of the World, following the final disappearance of Atlantis and the inception of the Aryan continent and race, our own.

The Libran dispensation which preceded this, would be concerned with balance, as always, and would be devoted to restoring harmony upon land and sea after the final cataclysm engendered by the Capture of Luna. The Scorpio dispensation, concerned with regeneration, marked the downfall of Atlantis and exacted retribution. Sagittarius brought triumph to Atlantis, and the unprecendented peak of brilliance achieved, extolled all the Sagittarian virtues; but the accompanying corruption sent it crashing to its ruin. Here, truly, the archer over-shot the Sagittarian arrow, the populace, drunk with its own exuberance and oratory, eloquence and conquest, raced after it, scrambling, climbing, scaling the dizzy mountain-tops, even taking wings. But far below, the waters of Scorpio were darkly waiting. What an awe-inspiring encounter! What a desperate, sizzling battle,–all that Sagittarian fire, quenched at last in those stern and sinister waters.

To return to our speculations on the cyclic repetition of Capricorn, whatever problems beset its races, problems that might not mean very much to us from where we are standing in the twentieth century, they will have learnt more about the things that at present rivet us to the earth-plane without our knowing why. They will have made the discovery that some of us are beginning to make with a measure of dismay, namely that the earth-plane is not our true home, and that their best bet is to pass through that plane as quickly as possible, consistently with efficiency, thoroughness and missing out no pertinent lesson. We undergo dismay on this score because we still doubt, neither have we anything satisfactory to substitute for the earthly joys we still try to acquire, because the penny has not dropped, and we are not yet yogis, able to sit immobile and unperturbed in Himalyan caves needing neither the sun by day nor the moon by night!

The Capricorn citizen will understand what *one-ness* means, where we do not. He will realise that we all communicate in the sleep-state, between lives, and even during lives, unconsciously before we attain to the point of liberation of consciousness, in full awareness after.

He will know that problems can never be solved at the level of those problems. This is something our governments would do well to learn; but alas, there is little hope of that at present. We, on the other hand, have so little redress, and suffer the intense frustration of pleading in vain with spiritually backward broadcasting media and presenting our petitions to governing bodies who turn a deaf ear and have not the interests of the populace at heart. Because we have not yet grasped the fact that all–yes, all–our current urban problems stem from over-population, and have not found the officacious remedy because we lack the spirituality to do so, we can only join "Conservation Societies" and try–not very hopefully–to prevent the dreadful diesel lorries from spreading all over the pavement, and conclusively annihilating that almost extinct species, the pedestrian, either by poison by fumes or by literal crushing to death against the windows in our narrow shopping-centres. Lots of anonymous shoppers will have to lose their inoffensive lives ere anything is done about that. Of course, it is an improvement upon Plantagenet times, when the peasant getting in the way of the rich man's coach would have been struck down and killed incontinent. Now the lorry driver contents himself with cursing or sounding the hooter very loudly in the pedestrian's ear, and the news-paper and Town Council to which he submits his complaint, with simply ignoring it. Let us take heart of grace! We are still dominated by the Pale Horse of the Apocalypse. Our only redresses are lobbying, picketing, striking, demonstrating, witholding our Parliamentary vote, exchanging one form of chaos for another. There is still no cohesion or even comprehension between those who are prepared and willing, and care enough, to work in and for the "Conservation Society" and kindred protesting bodies, and those who know the spiritual answer. The former still tend to keep the latter separate, even regard them as eccentrics, instead of recognising them as their best friends and allies. This is the fatal mistake that is still being made. Until that state of affairs is remedied, the problem will not be solved, any more than the garden will be cleared of weeds whose gardener only chops the heads of and does not deal with the roots. They are not separate, they are vitally necessary, one to the other.

We are still to a large extent governed by the senses and by our emotions, Pisces having been an era of emotionalism and of "religion", which is a part of emotion. External atmospheres and tempos exercise a profound influence over us, the weather, some national or world event, other peoples' opinions, their spoken judgments, however uneducated or ill-informed. We are still pathetically dependent one upon another, emotionally and for our well-being, notwith standing the time-honoured councel "Put not your trust in princes, nor any child of man, for there is no help in them". Indeed we are still very far away from the desirable goal of freedom from personal attachments. Aquarius will do better in this respect; this will be an age of the mind, of analytical reasoning, of free thought and speech, of learning independence, of group activity rather than limited personal relationships within an artificial "family" system.

The Capricorn Millenium–this is only a relative term–will have disposed with these impediments. Its citizens will not be as we are, but will have transcended crass materialism, inordinate earthly ambition, most of our purely physical and bodily problems, for their bodies will be more tenuous, nearer to the ultimate hermaphrodite state. They will of course face difficulties, otherwise they would not need to be here at all; but their queries will be concerned with the next cyclic dispensation of knowledge –namely why it was all set in motion in the first place, why the fuss, what was it all about? And from their leaders, the Logos will not withold that information, at present beyond man's deepest meditations, for by then It will have sent out the new life-wave which bears on its wings that particular intelligence. Much of our besetting illusion or "maya" will have disappeared; the people of Capricorn will not be constrained to live "blind" as we have been, conjured always to be a continuous and sustained faith; nor will they be a prey to the terrible, pernicious brain-washing which has victimised us and dulled our faculties for so long. The "How" of God's Plan will be common knowledge, available to everyman, understandable to everyman, and they will have come to understand Christ's words, "The truth shall make you free".

Free from what?" our generation has asked in bewilderment.

Free from reincarnation, the seemingly endless wheel of birth and re-birth. In Capricorn, reincarnation is likely to be largely voluntary, for there will be none of their citizens who has not arrived at the point of liberation of consciousness. Things that are still a source of perplexity to many of us will be an open book to them.

Where we are defeated and bewildered by our own discontent, its nature and origin, they will have less trouble in analysing it, and in acting accordingly, and their populations will be immeasureably sparser on that account. Always, everywhere, it is the habit of earthlings to be discontented. Thus will be the last emotion left to mankind before his final liquidation and mergence with spirit. At our stage of development, this discontent is of varied derivation. There is the discontent which is of earthly causes, part of our environment; there is also a divine discontent which obtains irrespective of and divorced from this, born of a deep inner urge to progress and rise above our difficulties. This, as mentioned earlier, we share with the more evolved animals, observing it in the frustration of the dog, which "knows" that there is more to be achieved than it, with its existing impediments, can achieve. This is because the spirit, in its innocence, knows only perfection. And that perfection is glorious, transcendant, so compelling and uplifting that the vagaries of human nature which the spirit experiences on earth are shown in deep contrast to what it knows to be good. The universality of spirit makes the soul long to cut down the dividing walls and unite mankind in the brotherhood which is the real relationship of all spirits in incarnation or discarnate.

The truth is rarely known to the outer mind, which is unable to point a reason for its own discontent; here the

Capricorn citizen will be at an advantage, for the time is coming when some of the veils of ignorance will be drawn aside and man will know his own divinity.

We of the Piscean/Aquarian phase have to bear in mind the fact, strongly applicable to us, that pride of birth, wealth, ease, worldly success, mean nothing to the spirit, except their capacity for furnishing experience. We must profit by these elementary incarnations which Capricorn will largely have outgrown. The life of ease can wield a subtle enchantment, but retard progress, while the life of privation and struggle can be bright with promise. This is because, at our stage, suffering and adversity are the only viable paths to the discovery of the truth. Lamentable it may be, but it has to be faced as long as it applies. It is by our reactions to the conditions in which we find ourselves that we record our profit or loss. Pain, mental or physical, is only the product of resistance. As we breathe, think and exist, every part of our composite being is being educated or changed for better or for apparently worse–though the latter term is a misnomer; it is all progress, a forward trend; every transient moment plays upon our character as upon the newest formed cell in the physical body. "As a man thinketh, so is he". If we obstruct the channel of the life-force to attain any objective of our own which may not be in line with what Evolution requires of us, we allow a shadow to be impressed upon every part of our being. Every mood of black despair, engendered, understandably, by the senseless societies which obtrude their man-made fatuities upon us all, every fit of uncontrolled emotion, plays its part in darkening and encrusting the vehicles of the spirit.

The citizens of Capricorn will be further along the road, not called upon as we are to cleanse the attic of the soul from all the jumble and litter of Pisces; by their time, this will have been accomplished by Aquarius. Our minds have been aligned along paths of wrong thinking–or non-thinking– through the terrifying prevailing ignorance of truth and the suppression of knowledge. We have expressed ourselves on the material plane, giving way to selfishness, greed, outside influences, fixed ideas, tradition, superstition, fear, wrongly directed ambition and so on. They will have to perform other tasks, the nature of which we are not permitted yet to grasp. They too will need their Joshuas. The function of these is likewise yet to be revealed. Prophets of course they will be, in their own day and generation, and the task assigned to them will only be made less difficult than that of their predecessors, according to the measure of the progress that will have been made by the masses, the lowest common denominator in the Capricorn dispensation. For it is always these who determine the type of reception and degree of discomfort meted out to their pioneers.

Prophecy is one of the signposts set on the road to man's progress, and because we are heir to the civilisations that have preceded ours, we have that innate sense of dependence on prophecy as a legacy. "Behold I send a messenger, Joshua one of these..." There is something very repetitive about the statement.

Prophecy is only a signpost, not a vehicle to save us. On the one hand we have the prophecy of Jesus, culled from his total knowledge of the plan, foretold from the infinite intelligence of his spirit; on the other hand we have the humble reader of tea-cups who hits on accurate information of circumstances unknown to himself. Reliable prophecies are only possible when made from the highest degree of consciousness whether the prophet is incarnate or discarnate. The ability to prophecy correctly will lessen as the degree of consciousness lessens. Prophecy may not be in accord with our expectation. It has to be judged in retrospect. We live in opposite poles of destiny and free will. As with all attributes of personal existence, we can best make use of these factors by striving to lift the quality of our everyday living to the highest state we can. Destiny applies to every phase of our consciousness; freewill is operated in each of the threefold states of our existence. The Capricorn citizen will know much more about these states than we do. He will be using the intuition, the feminine faculty across whose threshold we are only just beginning to take the first faltering steps, after 2,000 years. He will even be becoming distantly conscious of the possibility of using the *will*, the heritage of the seventh root race, and the last of the faculties to be exploited by the human race in this earth-cycle. But for us, the only way is to experiment and make mistakes. If we never used our quota of freewill (not the faculty just cited, as *will*–that lies in the future and is an aspect of the Logos not yet lent to man), and never faced our destiny, with however veiled a glance, we should never even dimly see our ultimate goal of becoming perfect, never learn what creativity is. When we make mistakes, God does not, in any visible or tangible way, correct them. We do that ourselves, over long periods of "time", and in many bodies. We are our own judge and jury, our own gaoler, our own executioner, even, at times, in the earthly sense. Evolution endows us with life, but does not live it for us.

We of Pisces/Aquarius need not worry unduly about the interplay of destiny and freewill. All that matters is that we reap the harvest of experience. Whatever happens we must remember that if the spirit is in command, nothing can go wrong. Capricorn will be in a better position to sort out the two and analyse their functions.

Freewill and destiny do not clash. It is total waste of time and revelation of ignorance to attempt to find fault with the plan of evolution. That is the curse and downfall of modern man,–his constant, insensate arguing, the mountains of meaningless pompous words he builds up, his breath-taking conceit born of ignorance, the vaunting of his so-called "science," his prideful "logic", both illusions, both passing fashions and the attributes of his petty ego. *Let him be silent*, just for a moment, even, and he will surely discover, in the silence, that it is his own ignorance that imputes imperfection to God's plan!

Prophecy is linked with destiny. In its highest aspects, prophecy merges into exact science. God is the complete prophet, because It made the plan and sees that it is manifested, and, being its creator, It knows every detail of the plan. It does not care very much what we are going to do tomorrow. It knows, because the creation is a tapestry, the transfer is already on, the design is there it only remains for us to put in the stitches. And upon our speed and skill in putting in the stitches depends the "time" taken to complete the tapestry to its creator's satisfaction. Within that framework, we are responsible. What we are going to do tomorrow is in the hands of our guides and helpers deputed by the Hierarchy to supervise such trivialities–*important* trivialities, since everything is important according to scale. These take care of the "fall of the sparrow". God marks it, yes; but does not "do" anything about it. The sparrow has to pick itself up, dust itself off, and start all over again," in the words of a once popular song. There is a little juggling with "time"; we can postpone our karmic destiny or draw it nearer by our attitude towards it and our eagerness or slothfulness in seeing it liquidated. These little gestures on the part of puny man have no influence of any magnitude on the Cosmic plan, even in its restricted viewpoint of the evolution of earth. There is no room for chance in such a vast creative thought. Room for growth, experiment, mistakes, disruption and restoration of the karmic balance, individually and collectively, falls of sparrows–and it is much the same for the devic evolution–remedial suffering, on the lilliputian scale of human existence, but no room for chance.

There is not the slightest doubt that spirit is breaking through into the world. By the very process of manifestation it is stirring up the mud from the bottom of the pond of human life. It is driving evil into a corner, and evil is striking back with the ferocity of the cornered rodent.

Transmutation of the illusion of evil is in process beyond our helping or hindering, for it is in greater hands than ours. Yet we *can* help or hinder, from our own point of view, in our own interests or against them, as an experiencing unit within. We can help or hinder to the extent of seeming to delay or promote–promote by trying to find out how the plan works and co-operate with it to the best of our ability, Capricorn's part will be to study and comprehend the "why". This is all we can ever do; delay by giving our votes to Lucifer. That is the only aspect that is in our hands—the "time" factor, the illusion of time, which at present governs and often seems to wreck our lives. We can do this, individually, nationally, collectively; and whatever we do, the delay, the illusion or resistance, will only reflect upon ourselves, leaving us washed up in a lay-by, while the tide of evolution sweeps on, from one cycle to the next. Capricorn subjects will inherit a world from which much of evil has been banished. Then indeed the prophetic words of Sir Owen Seaman will become reality—

"Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of this world strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God hath given you this priceless dower
To live in these great times, and have your part
In freedom's crowning hour;
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
And reach forth hands their heritage to take,
"I saw the Powers of Darkness take their flight,
I saw the morning break"

Chapter XVIII

THE LAST LAP OF PISCES

The Luciferic Society has condemned us to exist for many centuries under an arbitrary law laid down for the lowest-common denominator.

Human life has been laid waste and ruined by this law designed to suit the poorest quality of humanity.

This is why people today are so lonely. Virtually they cannot stand it any longer. They opt for loneliness rather than suffer the conditions for living decreed by the "authorities".

Love is at a discount; has been, in fact, from the inception of the Kali Yuga.

All spontaneous love is discouraged. The flowering of love, in any form except so-called "marriage", is carefully nipped in the bud by the society.

All that is really condoned is the marriage-thing. All departures from this narrow and artificial imposition are frowned upon.

If a man demonstrates a deep and abiding friendship for another man, he is sure to be labelled a homosexual. Similarly where a woman cherishes a sincere affection for another woman and chooses to live with her, she will carry the stigma of Lesbian, or some equally ludicrous appellation.

If a man happens genuinely to love his mother, he will have the sneer levelled at him that he hangs round his mother's "apron-strings"—this seems to be the foolish expression employed even to this day by ignorant and brain-washed people—he hasn't shown sufficient enterprise to "break away". He would be far more greatly respected had he gone off and left his mother to the mercy of the Welfare State; then, presumably, he would have been a "man"! (save the mark!). As it is, of course, the poor fellow suffers from an Oedipus Complex.

Any woman who seems content to stay with her mother, perhaps caring for her in age or sickness, becomes an object of pity. She has "missed her chance", as the arrogant saying goes.

Chance of what? Of "getting married", of course, of plodding the treadmill of disillusionment and boredom, of producing even more children to clutter up an already hideously defaced and overpopulated planet, of either staying the course at the pistol's point, or of sustaining the dreary ritual of divorce; of being left, in any case, at the end of it, a lonely unit in a bed-sitting room.

For the marriage-thing has not catered for the formation of enduring outside friendships or interests; it has only catered for the absorption of time and energy in husband and the children who must leave anyway if they are to be faithful to fashion and the set pattern of the society. Men are luckier than women; they die earlier. Thus the old men die of boredom, the old women live with it. Hence the bed-sitting room horror of the lonely widows of our society.

Everything has to be lived in accordance with a theory.

Parents who love their children are accused of "hanging on to them", of being selfish, of inhibiting their "progress", of trying to re-live their own youth through them.

Children who love their parents, or one of them, have fallen short in the accepted ideal of going out into the world to make money and find the proverbial "nice young man" or the "right girl".

Everything must be carried out strictly in line with the pattern.

Any brother who dares to love his sister and is prepared to share his life with her had better beware! He will certainly come under fire as having never "left the nest", or at worst be darkly alluded to as a "pervert", something "strange". Much more "natural" to live with a stranger female and quarrel savagely to the end of his days; then, of course, he is "normal" and accordingly respectable. Sisters caught housekeeping for a brother will meet with derision in that they must be "hard up for a job".

An older woman covenanting to live with a considerably younger man, working as a team on some productive project, will be rated as a "cradle-snatcher"; while a boy who finds himself happy and at ease with an older woman, must certainly be after whatever money may accrue on her demise, or else be cravenly searching for a mother-substitute.

How terrible for any boy who happened to feel a real affinity for his grandfather! – it *could* happen, if indeed they *were* affinities – that boy's life would not be worth living; the tacit persecutors would drop all sorts of hints, the least of which would be that he was waiting for the old man to make his will.

Children ought to be with their "natural" (that poor maligned word) parents. Not necessarily. Many of them would be better off in a well-conducted home, where at least they would be with other children, or with foster-parents who were genuinely fond of them. That way, there might well be fewer "battered babies". The blood tie is not important; the karmic tie is. When is mankind going to wake up and realise that? In any case, children don't stay long, so the result is the same in the end.

Even now, the only accepted concept is the imbecile sex-symbol in a bathing-costume, or the picture of simpering motherhood, to which the vague and traditional adjective "radiant" is usually hastily and indiscriminately applied.

Only those who have no feelings are at home in the Luciferic Society; no true feelings. Those who are willing to do what they are told, to cramp love into the miserable pigeon-holes assigned by the church and the law.

But love is free. It has always been free. It can never be anything else.

Parents must not see their children. Brothers must abandon their sisters, children must leave home as soon as they are seventeen, in order to be like all the rest. Praiseworthy to live in a filthy attic or basement redolent of boiled cabbage, at an exorbitant rent – anywhere but in the parental home, however warm and welcoming, lovely or well-appointed. Parents – as if we were animals or birds – must push their children out of the nest as soon as they can crawl or flutter. "It's natural," people murmur, "natural . . . " It would be, if we were birds or animals.

But man is not an animal. He is a spirit. He is the birds and animals. Namely love.

Yet he chooses to repudiate love and emulate the birds and animals. A retrogressive step – he left that stage behind long ago!

Nothing matters to Luciferic man except the form. In actual fact, the form is negligible. A man one life, a woman the next. All is karmic.

But meanwhile, man remains in ignorance and endures the loneliness. He does not even comprehend these basic facts of reincarnation and of human life.

Career comes first; money-making second; what other people think comes third. Love comes last: Always the least thing to be taken into consideration!

Until there is really nothing left but to settle for being a "loner".

Even then, you cannot win. For the society will eye you with a suspicion in that you have failed to find "the right partner".

There is no "right partner". When is mankind going to discover that? You would be incomprehensibly lucky if you found the "right partner" in this dimension. There is nothing more productive of loneliness than the horrible and presumptuous substitute for the right partner that an all-male church has dared to saddle us with for 2,000 years.

The church is bitterly at fault in trying to hang on to the marraige-thing, even to the brink of Aquarius. It only does so because of its fear of being out of a job. As it should be and will be in the new age. But we, unhappily, and for our sins, are still dealing with the ugly dregs of Pisces. And how many of these weary legacies are we going to drag over with us to afflict the new age?

We have half a century to go. We are coming up to the tape now. And when runners are doing that, they must exert the last ounce of their strength. Already we are fifty years behind schedule. Thus, even though we are exhausted, and our every inclination is to sink down and bother no more, we must now put forth our ultimate effort.

Otherwise we are going to besmirch the cleaner fields of Aquarius with the sludge and sewage of Pisces we have been unable or unwilling to dispose of. Surely our dustbins are as capacious as their?

"A generation is coming into being which recognises that the sex-thing is not important and the form is not important, and that spiritual relationships outside of this are valid and valuable. Not too long ago, it was considered "abnormal" for anyone who failed to find an individual of the opposite sex in the same age-group and produce more offspring to clutter up the planet.

There is no criterion for the "norm." Ever since Atlantis, we have had the Luciferic Society, the divided body, and the sex-thing, which stems entirely from Lucifer.

Lucifer's one aim and object is to create imbalance and disharmony. Atlantis fell because there was too much feminism.

We have fallen because there is too much masculism. Until we expel Lucifer and end the bi-sexual cycle, these and kindred miseries will remain."

GLOSSARY

1. AHRIMAN – A being from outside the Solar System who allied itself with Lucifer, its aim and object being to keep humanity rigid in thought, thus inducing *non*-progress or anti-evolution.
2. MICHAEL – The ruling deva of the planet Earth.
3. THE KAḶI YUGA – The "Black Age", lasting from 1,000 B.C. to 1899 A.D.
4. KAMA LOKI – Corresponding approximately to the Catholic "Purgatory".
5. MANNA FROM HEAVEN – The staple diet of Lemuria, a normal phenomenon but later regarded as a "miracle".
6. SANAT KUMARA – The planetary spirit of the earth, whose three major works were concerned in chronological sequence with mineral, vegetable, animal.
7. THE AKASHIC RECORD – See Chapter XVI
8. THE VULCAN PERIOD – The last of the seven incarnations of the earth-planet in the current cycle.
9. THE SIXTH ROOT RACE – The last race to inhabit the earth in the present incarnation of the planet.
10. NIKOLA TESLA – The nineteenth-century Russian author of "THE RETURN OF THE DOVE", banned in America for its content of too much truth for comfort. Now transmits to metaphysical groups in America.